

Turn to the scroll, where patriot sires  
Your independence did declare,  
Whose words still glow like living fires,—  
His father's name is written there.  
That father taught that son to swear  
His country ne'er enslaved should be ;  
Then lend your voices to the air  
For *Harrison and liberty !*

O'er savage foes, who scourged our land,  
When Wayne so wild and madly burst,  
Among his brave and gallant band  
The youthful Harrison was first.  
And when on Wabash leafy banks,  
Tecumseh's warriors gathered free ;  
How swift they fled before the ranks  
Of *Harrison and liberty !*

When Meig's heights his army held,  
And haughty Britons circled round,  
His conquering legions cleared the field,  
While notes of triumph pealed around !  
And though on Thames's tide again  
His progress Proctor sought to stay,  
Dismayed he fled, and left the plain  
To *Harrison and liberty !*

Now honoured be his hoary age,  
Who glory for his country won :—  
Shout for the hero, patriot, sage,  
For William Henry Harrison :  
Of all our chiefs he oftenest fought,  
But never lost a victory,  
And peace was gained and plenty brought  
By *Harrison and liberty !* G. A. P.



## THE LOG CABIN AND HARD CIDER CANDIDATE.

TUNE—"Auld lang syne."

Should good old cider be despised,  
 And ne'er regarded more ?  
 Should plain log cabins be despised,  
 Our fathers built of yore ?  
 For the true old style my boys !  
 For the true old style,  
 Let's take a mug of cider now  
 For the true old style.

We've tried experiments enough  
 Of fashions new and vain,  
 And now we long to settle down  
 To good old times again :  
 For the good old ways, my boys !  
 For the good old ways,  
 Let's take a mug of cider now  
 For the good old ways.

We've tried your purse-proud lords, who love  
 In PALACES to shine :  
 But we'll have a ploughman President  
 Of the Cincinnatus line.  
 For old North Bend, my boys !  
 For old North Bend,  
 We'll take a mug of cider yet  
 For old North Bend.

We've tried "the greatest and the best,"  
 Of him we've had enough,  
 And he who in the footsteps treads,  
 Is yet more sorry stuff.

For the brave Old Thames, my boys !

For the brave Old Thames,  
We'll take a mug of cider yet  
For the brave Old Thames.

Then give's a hand, my trusty boys :

And here's a hand for you,  
And we'll quaff the good old cider yet  
For Old Tippecanoe.

For Old Tippecanoe, my boys !

For Old Tippecanoe,  
We'll take a cup of cider yet  
For Old Tippecanoe.

And surely you will give your votes,

And surely I will too :

And we'll clear the way to the WHITE HOUSE

For Old Tippecanoe,  
For Tippecanoe, my boys !

For Tip-pe-canoe !  
We'll take a mug of cider yet  
For Tip-pe-canoe.



A friend who has just returned from a tour through the Valley of the Mississippi informs us that the nomination of *General Harrison* appears to have *annihilated all former party distinction*, and that a very large proportion of the old Jackson men are now as enthusiastic in their support of the PEOPLE'S candidate, as those who have been uniformly attached to his standard. We will therefore designate the following patriotic song

### OUR COUNTRY FOREVER!!!

The PEOPLE are rising all over the land,  
And resolving, as brethren should do,  
To bury dissensions, and join hand in hand  
In the cause of Old Tippecanoe.

The voice of their country now calls them, and they,  
As patriots faithful and true,  
Can never refuse her commands to obey,  
While led by Old Tippecanoe.

Then rally, brave boys, with your banners on high,  
And the motto unfolded to view,  
“For our country to conquer, or in battle to die,”  
By the side of Old Tippecanoe.

The TORIES full long have triumphant appeared,  
But now they begin to feel blue,  
For they know that a tyrant has never yet dared,  
To stand before Tippecanoe.

His “cabin” is built up, of logs all unhewn,  
(They say, and we grant it is true,)  
But “another guess” house they’ll discover full soon,  
Is destined for Tippecanoe.

His “cider’s too hard” for our stomachs, say they,  
And admit it we readily do,  
But harder, by far, on their shoulders we lay,  
The lash of Old Tippecanoe.

“He is old,” they exclaim, but for that we don’t care,  
For so was Old Hickory too,  
The older, the tougher, to them will appear,  
The arm of Old Tippecanoe.

But besides, “he is poor,” and can never withstand  
The gold of Van Buren and Co.—  
But poor as he is, all the wealth of the land,  
Can’t “buy up” Old Tippecanoe.

And though the base minions of power may sneer,  
As their master compels them to do,  
They cannot regard without quaking and fear,  
The march of Old Tippecanoe.

For the chaps that surround him are "just of the  
sort,"

To "lick up" a Tory or two ;  
A keen set of fellows, so runs the report,  
Are the soldiers of Tippecanoe.

Then rally, brave boys, with your banners on high,  
And the motto unfolded to view,  
"For our country to conquer, or in battle to die,"  
By the side of Old Tippecanoe.



### AN ACROSTIC.

!TUNE—"Scots wha hae."

Welcome ! welcome ! Harrison  
In honour next to Washington,  
Loving honest, good reform,  
Loving LIBERTY.

In battle thou didst freely bleed,  
And was our help in time of need ;  
May every one award the meed  
HARRISON to praise.

Every heart is now elate,  
Nought but Harrison the great,  
Re-echoes now from State to State  
Youths and old men all :—

He will save our country yet  
Aside will the Sub-treasury set,  
Retrench—reform—honest men get  
Round him at Washington.

In peace we all shall then be blest,  
Sons and sires will be at rest,  
Our country be no more oppressed,  
No more to be deceived.





In the remarks we make in the notes to this admirable song, we do not wish to be understood as casting any reflections whatever upon the majority of those who composed the old Federal party, many of whom were among the purest and brightest patriots in the land ; but considering the former party distinctions to have ceased with the last war, we *do object* to the leading partisans of the "*plunder party*" denouncing as a Federalist every good patriot who is anxious to stop the leaks in the national treasury, and we do also most strenuously object to the *false* title of "Democrat," as claimed by those who were among the rankest of the Federalists, and who are now endeavouring to delude the PEOPLE with the *siren song of democracy*. Out upon such hollow-hearted hypocrites!!! Did our limits permit, we would append notes to every name enumerated in the song, but their cases are *so notorious*, that we must content ourselves with a few *striking* comments.

#### WHEN THIS OLD HAT WAS NEW.

When this old hat was new, the people used to say,  
The best among the Democrats were *Harrison and Clay* ;\*

The *Locos* now assume the name, a title most untrue,  
And most unlike their party name when this old  
hat was new.

\* Harrison and Clay have *always* been *genuine Republicans*, not like the "*Patent Democrats*" of the present day : we refer to the testimony of Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe.

When this old hat was new, *Van Buren*\* was a Fed.,  
 An enemy to every man who laboured for his bread ;  
 And if the people of New York have kept their  
     records true,  
 He voted 'gainst the poor man's rights, when this  
     old hat was new.

When this old hat was new, *Buchanan*† was the man  
 Best fitted in the Keystone state to lead the Federal  
     clan.  
 He swore "if Democratic blood should make his  
     veins look blue,  
 He'd cure them by Phlebotomy," when this old hat  
     was new.

When this old hat was new, ('twas eighteen hun-  
     dred eleven,) *Charles Ingersoll*‡ did then declare, by all his hopes  
     of heaven,  
 "Had he been able to reflect, he'd been a Tory true,  
 And ne'er have thought it a reproach," when this  
     old hat was new.

\* Van Buren opposed the war, and then changed his  
 course ; he opposed Mr. Madison, and again changed his  
 course ; he opposed the right of suffrage, and then advo-  
 cated it ; and we refer our readers to the records of the  
 Reform Convention of New York, in corroboration of this  
 statement. But our space will not allow us to enumerate  
 his various *twistifications* and political tergiversations ; they  
 would fill a volume with the charges, specifications, and  
*recorded testimony*.

† Mr. Buchanan declared during the war, "If I were  
 conscious of the existence of one drop of *democratic* blood  
 in my veins, I would apply to the nearest surgeon to let it  
 out." This we assert, and stand ready to prove.

‡ Charles J. Ingersoll—"If I had been capable of reason  
 and reflection when the American colonies took up arms  
 against the mother country, I would have been a **TORY**."  
 Very patriotic !—very !!!

When this old hat was new, of *Richard Rush*\*  
 'twas said,  
 To figure well among the Feds., he wore a black  
 cockade ;  
 Deny this, Locos, if you please, for every word is true,  
 I knew full well old *Dickey Rush*, when this old  
 hat was new.

When this old hat was new, the senator from Maine,  
 Destroyed by fire an effigy,† to immortalize his name,

\* *Richard Rush* was the *first man* who mounted the *black cockade*, and was also the *first man* to respond to the *lying and denunciatory* resolutions passed at the recent Loco-foco town meeting in Independence Square, in which General Harrison was villanously characterized as a “black cockade Federalist,” when it is a matter of history that, except in the service of his country, he *never wore any cockade*, either black or tri-coloured. Consistency! thou art a jewel!! Col. John Thompson *choked* before he arrived at that resolution, for he recollected the toast he gave at a Democratic festival during the war, highly complimentary to General Harrison, as the *brave defender* of his country, and the *Washington of the West*. See the Democratic Press of Oct. 1813, and the Aurora of Oct. 1813.

† While reading this part of the song to a worthy mechanic who happened to be in our office, he exclaimed, “*I saw this done*,” and at our instigation he gave us the following certificate, with permission to use and publish his name.—“I saw this done ; it was burned on Robinson and Crosby’s wharf, in the town of Augusta, Maine ; there was powder in the *head*, and I saw and heard the explosion. I have seen Reuel Williams’s house brilliantly illuminated at the reverse of our arms during the last war.—JAMES D. EMES.”

*What a thundering patriot ! ! ! ! !* But as our volume is a 32mo. we must wait until we shall be called upon to indite a folio, when we pledge ourselves to show up in their true colours the “*patent democracy*” of the leaders and brawlers of the Van Buren party.



The effigy was *Madison's*, if common fame be true,  
So *Reuel Williams* was a Fed. when this old hat  
was new.

When this old hat was new, 'twas in the Granite  
State,

'That *Henry Hubbard* asked each town to send a  
delegate,

To meet in council at the time when Federalism blue  
Made Hartford look like indigo, when this old hat  
was new.

When this old hat was new, *Sam Cushman* did de-  
clare

"That should a soldier cross the lines, he hoped  
he'd perish there,

And leave his bones in Canada for enemies to view ;"  
So much for *his* "Democracy," when this old hat  
was new.

When this old hat was new, Old Governor *Provost*  
The States invaded, at the head of numerous British  
host,

Then mark, ye Locos, what did *Martin Chittenden*  
then do ?

Forbade Green Mountain Boys to fight! when this  
old hat was new.

When this old hat was new, *Woodbury* and *Van Ness*,  
*E. Allen Brown*, and *Stephen Haight* were of the  
Federal mess,

*A. H. Everet*, and *Martin Field*, and *Billy Wil-*  
*kins* too,

Now "Patent Democrats," were Feds., when this old  
hat was new.

When this old hat was new, those worthies did op-  
pose

The cause and friends of Liberty, and stood among  
their foes ;

Not so with "Granny" *Harrison*, for at Tippecanoe  
He bravely fought the savage foe, when this old hat  
was new.

When this old hat was new, the friends to Liberty  
Knew well the merits of Old Tip, while fighting at  
Maumee ;

Come now, huzza for *Harrison*, just as we used to do,  
When first we heard of *Proctor's* fall, when this old  
hat was new.



### GREAT NATIONAL WHIG SONG.

"In the strength of your might, from each mountain  
and valley,"

Sons of Freedom, arise ! the time is at hand—  
Around Liberty's standard we'll rally, we'll rally ;  
The star-spangled banner floats over the land.  
Then let the proud eagle spread his wings wide  
asunder,

And burst from the trammels which strive to en-  
chain ;  
"If we rise in our strength, if we speak but in  
thunder,"

The bit of "striped bunting" will flourish again.

For our rights and our laws we'll stand firm and  
united ;

The blood of our fathers shall ne'er be forgot,—  
The faith and the honour they sacredly plighted,  
Shall never be tarnished by Anarchy's blot ;  
Around Liberty's standard, we'll rally, we'll rally ;—  
OLD TIPPECANOE, boys, the watchword shall be ;  
Its echo will thunder from each mountain and valley  
Of the home of the brave—the land of the free.

The good ship CONSTITUTION among the breakers, and the gallant tars insist upon having a *skilful* and *honest* pilot.

Our nautical correspondent told us a few weeks ago that Harrison was a great favourite among the sailors—a class of men who could appreciate his frank, noble, and generous character. He seemed rather indignant that no ditty had yet been penned by our poets, by which our gallant tars could give vent to their feelings in relation to this worthy gentleman—and threatened that, unless the omission should be soon supplied, he would, himself, “albeit unused to the poetic mood,” perpetrate a SONG! We were astonished at his rashness—but have been still more astonished at finding that he has *executed his threat*—as will be seen below.

#### SHIP A-HOY!



#### OLD TIPPECANOE AND THE JACKETS OF BLUE!

TUNE—“*Ye sons of Columbia.*”

The good ship of state is now driven ashore,  
The thunder howls round us, and dark tempests  
lower;

The sea is fast rising—and breaks in the bay,  
And the hearts of the boldest are filled with dismay;  
She will founder, unless, with true patriot zeal,  
We get rid of the *lubber* who stands at the wheel!  
And take a *new* PILOT, whose heart is *true blue*—  
And such we shall find in OLD TIPPECANOE.

Old "Tip" is a hero, brave, honest, and true,  
 Who deserves the esteem of the *jackets of blue* ;  
 His bosom, so free from intrigue, guile, or art,  
 Is the shrine of that treasure, a PATRIOT'S heart.  
 Besides, if we turn o'er his log, we shall find  
 Him a foe to oppression—a friend to mankind.  
 What say ye, then, sailors !—ye *jackets of blue*,  
 Shall we choose as our *pilot* OLD 'TIPPECANOE ?

He has fought for our rights—and in peace he has  
 shown

That in *state navigation* he's second to none ;  
 His soul with the true "*live-oak grit*" is imbued !  
 He is worthy to stand where a WASHINGTON stood !  
 Then give him the *tiller*—when he steps on deck,  
 His firmness and wisdom will save us from wreck.  
 Then summon him, tars ! Shout, *jackets of blue*,  
 "Oh, haste to the rescue, OLD 'TIPPECANOE !" 3

Had he lived in a country where merit is known,  
 And rewarded by pensions and praise, or a throne,  
 Wealth, power, and fame would have been just his  
 meed,

And a humble "log hut" had ne'er sheltered his  
 head ; [fessed—

But his *nature* is NOBLE—his *worth* stands con-  
*The sons of VIRGINIA—the pride of the west !*  
 Come on, then, my hearties ! Ye *jackets of blue*,  
 And salute with *nine huzzas* OLD 'TIPPECANOE !

#### OUR BALL WAS THERE.

Suggested on the rolling of the Big Ball by the Allegany  
 Delegation, at the Convention held in Baltimore, May 4,  
 1840.

BY A BALL ROLLER.

Our ball was there, our ball was there,  
 'Twas hailed with long loud huzzas,



Our ball was there, our ball was there,  
 The "LION" of that glorious day.  
 Stout hearts were there to defend that ball,  
 The mountain boys were always nigh,  
 And oh, to see how proud it rolled,  
 Brought tears of joy to every eye.  
 Our ball was there, &c.

Our ball has stood the Locos' rage,  
 That daring, reckless, dangerous crew,  
 Who strove to take from history's page,  
 The laurels of the good and true.  
 Our ball was there, &c.

That ball is known where'er it goes,  
 The pride and boast of a patriot band,  
 Alike sustained mid friends or foes,  
 It rolls o'er this once happy land.  
 Our ball was there, &c.

Then let it roll, then let it roll,  
 Be this forever freedom's home,  
 For it was gained by our fathers' toil,  
 'Tis hallowed ground, 'tis valour's tomb.  
 Our ball was there, &c.

Then tread it proudly, keep the trust  
 Our sires bequeathed, who signed that scroll;  
 Guard sacredly the patriot trust,  
 And o'er it let the BIG BALL roll.  
 Our ball was there, &c.



THE LAST CABINET COUNCIL ; OR,  
 THE DAWNING OF THE DAY OF RECKONING.

AIR—" *There's nae luck about the house.*"

Sly *Matty's* face was overcast,  
 His hopes began to lower,  
 His kitchen cabinet he called,  
 Besides the lawful four ;

And bade them with a scolding tongue  
That each should truly say,  
If any chance remained for him,  
On next election day.

For its *Boyd* and *Harris*, *Linn* and *Price*,  
And *Swartwout* they do say,  
Have toated off the nation's cash,  
As lawful Loco prey.

Then up steps *Amos* grim and thin,  
With sick and ghastly look ;  
You never would have thought that he  
Was scullion and chief-cook ;  
"Now, *Matty* dear," said he, "I'm sure  
The game is up with us ;  
Those cursed Whigs will beat us now,  
They kick up such a fuss,  
About the outside quires and cash,  
You'd think the nation's broke ;  
And *Blair* and I, and *Calhoun* think  
This time they do not joke."

Says *Blair* to *Mat*—Good president,  
I think it is unlucky  
That I must streak it back again  
To teach school in Kentucky ;  
But go I must, for I am sure,  
Our battles all are fought ;  
And New York's favourite son is beat,  
By "sober second thought."

Now, *Matty*, don't get sick, I'm sure  
We may as well clear out,  
And join that Loco-foco *Price*,  
And honest *Sam Swartwout* !"

And next, says *Paulding*, "I do wish  
To novels I had stuck,  
For writing them would ne'er have made  
Of me so lame a duck.

Dear *Matty*, we must soon go back  
To quiet *Kinderhook*,  
And in your garret I will write  
Another shilling book,  
Oh dear! the times are very hard  
When wheat's but fifty cents,  
But I'm the man that's rich enough  
If I collect my 'rents.' "

"Come, Uncle *Levi*, tell us now  
What think you of Whig votes?"  
"Oh dear! I fear they can't be bought,  
With my sub-treasury notes.  
I've figured up my long reports,  
Arrayed in solid column,  
But where's the CASH? the Whigs cry out  
With faces long and solemn.  
The cash is gone, and credit too,  
With our administration;  
And we have ruined every man  
Throughout the Yankee nation."

"Now, *Poinsett*, you can cheer us up,  
With glad and cheerful sounds,"  
"Oh no! I can't, those cursed Whigs  
Have treed me with bloodhounds,  
We've got to quit the White House now,  
As fast as we can go,  
I'll take my hat, and make my bow,  
For I am D. I. O.

The spoils are gone—there's nothing left  
Of paper, blanks, and twine,  
And every man is fortunate  
Who knows where he can dine."

"Perdition catch you all," says *Mat*,  
"Come, *Forsyth*, you're true blue,  
And are so versed in politics,  
Can tell me what to do?"

"I wish I could, for I am sure  
 You'd hear it very soon,  
 But I will go and advise with  
 My friend *J. C. Calhoun*.

For he's the man to jump Jim Crow,  
 And prove that black is white,  
*He* will convince you it's noonday,  
 When dark and pitchy night."

Now *Harry Clay* was passing by  
 And hearing such a roar,  
 With hasty strides he mounted up,  
 And opened wide the door—

"HALLO!" says he, "what means this noise  
 Within this garrison?"

You'd better all make tracks—here comes  
 The patriot HARRISON."

So off they ran with nimble legs,  
 As fast as they could lean;  
 And "Granny" he took up the broom  
 And swept the stable clean.



### OLD TIPPECANOE.

SUNG AT THE BALTIMORE CONVENTION, MAY 4.

AIR—"Rosin the bow."

Ye Vanites of old Pennsylvania,  
 Of every old state and each new;  
 Take warning, come out with the many,  
 And vote for Old Tippecanoe.

We've a multitude here past enduring,  
 Blair and Rives both begin to look blue;  
 They see there's no chance for Van Buren,  
 In a fight with Old Tippecanoe.

New York and New Jersey are ours,  
 Massachusetts, Connecticut too;



And Vermont, with her green mountain flowers,  
Will flourish for Tippecanoe.

We'd a brush in Rhode Island but lately,  
Just to show 'em what Yankees could do ;  
And we flogged 'em all round most completely,  
In the name of Old Tippecanoe.

In old never-tire Virginny,  
They have found of good Whigs not a few ;  
She's a state, sirs, I'll hold you a guinea,  
Goes hollow for Tippecanoe.

Who flies to the rescue ? Kentucky,  
Full of hearts gallant, loyal, and true ;  
We shall beat them with brave men and lucky,  
Harry Clay and Old Tippecanoe.

Illinois, Indiana, Ohio,  
Their towns and green prairies go through ;  
And you'll hear, in each nook of the trio,  
Loud shouts for old Tippecanoe.

On Michigan shores, in Missouri,  
The ball is in motion 'tis true ;  
But Benton cries out, in a fury,  
'Tis rolling towards Tippecanoe.

Mississippi and Louisiana,  
Tennessee, Alabama, here view ;  
They, from each noble hill and savannah,  
Send voices for Tippecanoe.

Should I name all the people are for us,  
It is plain I should never get through ;  
Then rejoice in the prospect before us—  
Huzza ! for Old Tippecanoe !

But before I quite finish my ditty,  
Let me claim, patriot Maryland, you ;  
And hail ! noble monument city,  
Where we gather for Tippecanoe.

Before the adjournment of the Convention at Augusta, the Hon. John Holmes of Thomaston offered and read the following

### LOG CABIN SONG.

TUNE—"Yankee Doodle."

It rather seems that humbug schemes  
Can never more cajole us;  
There's such a run for HARRISON,  
That nothing can control us.

The western world the flag's unfurled,  
No faction can divide her;  
And all the rest will sign THE TEST,  
"Log cabin and hard cider."

When our frontiers were drenched in tears  
Their cabins sacked and gory,  
He struck the blow, chastised the foe,  
And conquered peace with glory.

Then join the throng and swell the song,  
Extend the circle wider;  
And let us *on* for HARRISON,  
"Log cabin and hard cider."

When British bands and savage clans  
Unitedly assailed us,  
Our HARRISON was then the one  
Whose courage never failed us.

Through all the west he stood the test,  
And all his foes confounded,  
And held his posts against the hosts,  
By whom he was surrounded.

Though at the Thames some other names  
Come in to grace the story,  
He laid the plan and led the van  
To victory and glory.

Then crown the throng and swell the song,  
And spread his glory wider,  
And join the men for "HARRISON,  
Log cabin and hard cider."

Let Grundy sneer and Benton jeer  
The day of retribution ;  
We firmly trust 'twill be for us  
A day of RESTITUTION.

And let Calhoun change every moon,  
And every such *backslider*,  
We'll go as one, for "HARRISON,  
Log cabin and hard cider."

No *golden* schemes, nor BENTON *dreams*,  
No SWARTWOUTS to beguile us,  
Nor any PRICE or other vice  
To purchase or defile us.

With HARRISON our country's ONE,  
No treachery can divide her,  
*The thing is done with "HARRISON,*  
LOG CABIN AND HARD CIDER."

Come, FARMERS all, attend the call,  
'Tis working like a charmer,  
Hitch on the team, and start for him,  
For he's a *brother farmer*.

His cabin's fit, and snug and neat,  
And full and free his larder,  
And though his cider may be hard,  
*The times are vastly harder.*

With social joys—wives, girls, and boys,  
Our cabins and our cider,  
We'll shout as one for HARRISON,  
And spread his glories wider.

The south and west will stand the test,  
 In spite of every spoiler,  
 And we'll engage to seal the pledge  
 For HARRISON and TYLER.

~~~~~

NEW COMIC SONG.

TUNE—"Hey, come along, Josey."

Cum listen to me and I'll sing you a song  
 Which I promise you shall not be long ;  
 And I know you'll say it's a fust-rate thing,  
 And dis is de tune dat I will sing ;

Hey, cum along, jim along, Josey,  
 Hey, cum along, jim along, Jo.

I spose you know the Whigs next fall,  
 Are gwoin to stop de Loko ball ;  
 Gin'rawl Harr'sin he too strong for Martin,  
 And at de lexshun will beat him sartin :

Hey, cum along, &c.

De spilers say dey will no hab him  
 Kase how he lib in a log cabin ;  
 But de peple say dey do not kere,  
 He shall hab de White House 'fore a year :

Hey, cum along, &c.

De Lokos say he drink hard cider,  
 But dey only spread his fame de wider ;  
 And dey may ober dere shampane  
 Make fun ob him, but it's all in wane :

Hey, cum along, &c.

Yes, let um laf and call him granny,  
 But it's well for you my little Vanney,  
 Dat he draw de Injuns and British far  
 While you were talkin 'ginst de war :

Hey, cum along, &c.



The author of the following song is the same staunch old Republican who wrote the admirable song styled, "The Aristocracy of Democracy," on page 57 of the Harrison Medal Minstrel.

### THE LOG CABIN CHIEF AND THE KINDERHOOK SPIDER.

A NEW SONG.

Hail to the chief! who his country has served,  
For the sake of his country, not self,  
From honour's bright path he never hath swerved,  
Nor bartered his glory for office or pelf;  
But preferred his "log cabin" and his drink of hard  
cider,

Than to crawl in a *palace* like the Kinderhook spider!

Let the minions of power in ribaldry deal,

And spit out their rancour and spite,

For his fame, like the file, is of fine tempered steel,

Scorns the viper's loud hiss and its venomous bite.

Ay, the log cabined chief while he drinks his hard  
cider,

Will smile at the minions of the Kinderhook spider.

Let the Blairs and the Ritchies assail his good name,

For on slander's their hope and reliance;

When their LIES are detected, they are callous to  
shame:—

So he'll laugh at their malice and bid them defiance.

Ay! the log cabined chief, while he drinks his hard  
cider,

Will spurn the paid panders of the Kinderhook spider.

Hail to the chief! who at the people's command

Is ready and willing to serve them once more,

In the front of the battle he now takes his stand,

With the blessing of Heaven their rights to restore,

Soon from his log cabin and his drink of hard cider,

He'll sweep from the palace the Kinderhook spider.



Come, cheer up, ye Whigs ! for your cause is divine,  
In "Union for the sake of the Union" combine,  
To expel from all power each fell demagogue,  
Who'd expunge from our morals the whole Deca-  
logue.

Come, cheer up, ye Whigs ! resolved heart and hand  
To rescue your country from corruption's foul band ;  
On the altar of Union light up Freedom's fires  
And rush to the rescue, as of old did your sires.

Come, cheer up, ye Whigs ! "you are right, go ahead,"  
Your candidate has filled the Sub-Treasurers with  
dread,

For he's honest, he's capable, he's fearless and just,  
And with honour untarnished has filled every trust.

Come, cheer up, ye Whigs ! for most holy's your  
cause,

You strike for your country, constitution, and laws,  
Raise the banner of union inscribed *Harrison* !

Whose pole star's his country, his guide *Washington*.

Come, cheer up, ye Whigs ! see your own *Henry*  
*Clay*.

On the ramparts resisting the demagogues' sway ;  
No selfishness rankles in the patriot's pure breast,  
And purer don't live than our Hal of the West !

Come, cheer up, ye Whigs ! lo, the *man* of the *North*,  
With the constitution displayed, in his might stand-  
ing forth,

To rescue the country from the gripe of the knaves,  
Who'd the constitution destroy and of freemen make  
slaves !

Come, cheer up, ye Whigs ! hurrah ! go ahead !  
Your candidate has filled all the plunderers with  
dread ;

Raise! the star-spangled banner of the Union on high,  
And contempt be his portion who Calhouning would  
fly.

Now, onward, ye Whigs! for your cause it is  
glorious,

United, you must, and you will be, victorious!

On, on! to the rescue! with your own *Harrison*,  
For many's the victory for his country he's won!

P. P.



### THE DISPERSION OF THE SPOILERS.

AIR—"Star-spangled banner."

The spoilers came down like the wolf on the fold,  
And their train-bands were revelling in ill-gotten gold,  
And Benton's hoarse howl on the gale did resound,  
Like the deep deadly yell of the blood scenting hound.

Like leaves of the forest when summer is green,  
In the year "thirty-nine" their *bought* banners were  
seen,

Like leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown  
In March "forty-one" they lay withered and strown.

For Freedom's proud bird spread its wings on the  
blast,

And the breath of his wrath laid them low as they  
passed,

And the eyes of the Vanites grew deadly and chill,  
And sub-treasurers' legs forever grew still.

And there lay sad Amos distorted and pale  
With a curse on his lip and his grip on the mail,  
And there lay Calhoun with his nostrils all wide,  
And the "galvanized corpse" lay stark by his side.

And there lay "poor Pickins" and Duncan hard by  
With the Globe in his hand and a drop in his eye,



And the kitchen was silent, the cabinet flown,  
The cravat of the humbugger hung there "alone."

And the wail of the scullions is loud in their wo,  
The "footstep" is vanished, the "follower" laid low,  
And the popular might hath the spoiler expunged,  
The might of the freemen hath freemen avenged.



The following song is capital. Let it go the rounds of the  
Republican press.

#### OLD TIPPECANOE.

Hurrah for the father of all the green West !  
For the Buckeye who follows the plough !  
The foeman in terror his valour confest,  
And we'll honour the *conqueror* now.

His country assailed in the darkest of days,  
To her rescue impatient he flew !  
The war whoop's fell blast, and the rifle's red blaze,  
But awakened *Old Tippecanoe*.

On Maumee's dark waters, along with brave *Wayne*,  
Green laurels he gleaned with his sword :  
But when peace on the country came smiling again,  
His steel to the scabbard restored.

But wise in the council, as brave in the field,  
His country still asked for his aid ;  
And the birth of young empires his wisdom revealed,  
The *sage* and the *statesman* displayed.

But the red torch of war, the tomahawk's gleam,  
To the battle again called the true ;  
And there where the stars and the stripes brightly  
stream,  
Rushed the *Hero of Tippecanoe*.

Now hark ! from the far frozen wilds of the north,  
 What battle-shouts burden the gale ?  
 The hosts of Old England ride gallantly forth,  
 And the captive and conquered bewail.

His country recalls the bold chieftain she loves,  
 The sword of " Old Tip " she reclaims ;  
 And victory heralds wherever he moves,  
 The path of the *Hero of Thames* !

Hurrah for the *Hero of Tippecanoe*—  
 The farmer who ploughs at North Bend !  
 A *soldier* so brave, and a *patriot* so true,  
 Will find in each freeman a friend.

Hurrah for the " Log Cabin " Chief of our choice !  
 For the Old Indian Fighter, hurrah !  
 Hurrah ! and from mountain to valley the voice  
 Of the *people* re-echoes—hurrah !

Then come to the ballot box—boys, come along,  
 He *never* lost battle for you :  
 Let us down with oppression and tyranny's throng,  
 And up with *Old Tippecanoe*.



### HARK ! THEY COME !

BY J. H. NORTHCOTT,

Of Athens, Illinois, recently in Cumberland, on his way  
 to attend the National Convention of Young Men in Bal-  
 timore.

Hark ! hark ! from the west of the mountains,  
 A voice from the log cabin crew,  
 Who drink at the hard cider fountain,  
 And fought under Tippecanoe—  
 And fought, &c.  
 Who cultivate orchards and cornfields,  
 Defended by Tippecanoe.

Heretofore, all the money we needed,  
From pork, corn, and flour we drew ;  
All raised from the soil we defended,  
When under brave Tippecanoe—  
When under, &c.  
From soil we've subdued by our labour,  
Since led by Old Tippecanoe.

From this soil we've fed the loved Buckeye,  
And Hoosier and Sucker babes too ;  
Rejoicing 'twas parcelled to suit us,  
By schemes of Old Tippecanoe—  
By schemes, &c.

Parcelled out to suit "log cabin" farmers,  
By the efforts of Tippecanoe.

But now at sub-treasury prices,  
Our taxes we'll never get through,  
Till we call our friend to assist us,  
That led us at Tippecanoe—  
That led us, &c.

With whom we beat British and Indians,  
At Thames, Meigs, and Tippecanoe.

He's good in the field and the council,  
The plough he wields skilfully too,  
As well as to portion to farmers,  
And conquer at Tippecanoe—  
And conquer, &c.

In whom may we be so confiding,  
As our friend Old Tippecanoe.

From eastward, and northward, and southward,  
Come join us in what we will do ;  
We'll pull at the string of the cabin,  
That's knotted by Tippecanoe—  
That's knotted, &c.

Old soldiers will always be welcomed  
By warm-hearted Tippecanoe.

Lo ! eastward, and northward, and southward,  
 In thunder they echo—we, too,  
 Will call on the “hard cider” farmer,  
 That conquered at Tippecanoe—  
 That conquered, &c.  
 We’ll greet the old “log cabin” farmer,  
 And vote for brave Tippecanoe.  
 See ! onward ! en masse they’re moving,  
 In earthquake voice uttering halloo !  
 For the White House exchange the log cabin,  
 Thou hero of Tippecanoe—  
 Thou hero, &c.  
 For thee the White House we’ve determined,  
 Oh hasten, Old Tippecanoe !

Hark ! hark ! how the American ladies,  
 In cabins and palaces too,  
 Are joining in song with their lovers,  
 Huzza for Old Tippecanoe—  
 Huzza for, &c.

They sing in sweet strains to their lovers,  
 Go vote for brave Tippecanoe.  
 From city, and forest, and mountain,  
 And likewise western prairies too,  
 Each man will respond to his mistress,  
 And vote for Old Tippecanoe—  
 And vote, &c.  
 Then send forth a tone like an earthquake,  
**HUZZA FOR OLD TIPPECANOE!!!**



#### THE FARMER OF NORTH BEND.

TUNE—“*Auld lang syne.*”

Can grateful freemen slight his claims,  
 Who bravely did defend

Their lives and fortunes at the Thames,  
The Farmer of North Bend ?

The Farmer of North Bend, my boys,  
The Farmer of North Bend,  
We'll give a right good hearty vote  
To the Farmer of North Bend.

The trump of Fame in storied song  
The patriot's deeds shall tell,  
And Freedom's voice the strain prolong,  
The gladsome chorus swell.

The gladsome chorus swell, my boys,  
The gladsome chorus swell,  
We'll join to-night in merry song,  
The gladsome chorus swell.

The chieftain heard the stirring drum,  
And bent his soldier's bow,  
But victor soon—he hastened home,  
His farming fields to mow.

His farming fields to mow, my boys  
His farming fields to mow,  
Exchanged the sabre for the scythe,  
His farming fields to mow.

Though youthful valour bravely won  
The laurel for his brow,

Yet victory's own triumphant son

Now holds the yeoman's plough.

Now holds the yeoman's plough, my boys,  
Now holds the yeoman's plough,  
And soon we'll try his trusty hand  
To hold the NATION's plough.

Now hear the note, his country's call,  
From the hill-tops and the shore,  
It comes from camp, and cot, and hall,  
And all the valleys o'er.



And all the valleys o'er, my boys,  
 And all the valleys o'er,  
 It calls him to the rescue, boys,  
 From all the valleys o'er.

The hero, who, long years ago,  
 Once wore the warrior's mail,  
 Now comes to beat the yeoman's foe,  
 A farmer with his flail.  
 A farmer with his flail, my boys,  
 A farmer with his flail,  
 And they'll get a right gude threshing yet  
 From the farmer with his flail.

Then cheer we up, my boys, to-night,  
 A helping hand we lend,  
 And pledge the old Key Stone to-night,  
 To the Farmer of North Bend.  
 To the Farmer of North Bend, my boys,  
 To the Farmer of North Bend,  
 We'll pledge the old Key Stone to-night,  
 To the Farmer of North Bend.



"Our sufferings *is* intolerable, and *calls* aloud for relief."—Van Buren.

Our rulers have been weighed in the balance and found wanting. The times are sadly out of joint. The *nation* is diseased, and the *people* have decided that *Harrison* is the *only physician* who can effect a radical cure.

### THE BEST THING WE CAN DO.

Tune—"Malbrouk."

The times are bad and want curing,  
 They are getting past all enduring;  
 Let us turn out Martin Van Buren,  
 And put in Old Tippecanoe.  
 The best thing we can do,  
 Is to put in Old Tippecanoe;

It's a business we all can take part in,  
So let us give notice to Martin,  
That he must get ready for starting,  
For we'll put in Old Tippecanoe.

A change of the administration  
Will be for the good of the nation,  
For it is now in a bad situation,  
So we'll put in Old Tippecanoe,  
The best thing we can do,  
Is to put in Old Tippecanoe,  
And send the whole posse a packing,  
Van Buren and all of his backing;  
For we've tried them and found them all lacking,  
And we'll put in Old Tippecanoe.

We've had of their humbugs a plenty,  
For now all our pockets are empty ;  
We've a dollar now where we had twenty,  
So we'll put in Old Tippecanoe.  
The best thing we can do  
Is to put in Old Tippecanoe ;  
For their roguery can't be defended,  
And it is time that their reign should be ended ;  
We never shall see the times mended,  
Till we put in Old Tippecanoe.

Uncle Sam ha'n't a cent in his purse now,  
And matters are still growing worse now :  
There's only one thing left for us now,  
It's to put in Old Tippecanoe.  
The best thing we can do,  
Is to put in Old Tippecanoe :  
For we are all of us going to ruin,  
As long as we keep such a crew in,  
So let us be up and a-doing,  
And put in Old Tippecanoe.

# THE VAN BUREN BALTIMORE ABORTIVE CONVENTION,

At which Mr. Grundy was "*born a veteran,*" and a plan concocted to give Colonel Johnson the *coup de grace*.

TUNE—" *Pretty Betty Martin, tiptoe fine,  
Couldn't get a sweetheart to please her mind.*

Pretty little Martin, tiptoe, tiptoe,  
Pretty little Martin, tiptoe fine,  
Couldn't get a candidate for Vice-President,  
Couldn't get a candidate to please his mind.  
Old Dick Johnson he wouldn't answer,  
He was too rough for a President so fine ;  
Pretty little Martin tiptoe, tiptoe,  
Couldn't get a candidate to please his mind.

Pretty little Martin, tiptoe, tiptoe,  
Couldn't make the Loco-focos toe the line,  
Some were for Polk and some for Johnson,  
But no one but Polk could please his mind.  
The Tennessee Loco-focos they wanted Polk in ;  
'To poke him in for President next in the line ;  
Pretty little Martin, tiptoe, tiptoe,  
Couldn't get a candidate to please his mind.

Pretty little Martin, tiptoe, tiptoe,  
He couldn't coax old Tecumseh to decline ;  
Old Tecumseh's friends would not leave him ;  
To go for Mr. Polk did not please their minds.  
Polkites and Johnsonites wouldn't pull together,  
The split was too wide, and they couldn't make it  
join ;

Pretty little Martin, tiptoe, tiptoe,  
Couldn't get a candidate to please his mind.

Pretty little Martin, tiptoe, tiptoe,  
The jig is up with him, as he will find ;

His legs are not long enough to follow in the foot-  
steps ;

He can't make the party all go the whole swine.  
Now every Loco-foco has to pick a candidate,  
And run him for himself on his own hook and line,  
Pretty little Martin, tiptoe, tiptoe,  
Couldn't get a candidate to please his mind.



### THE WHIG GATHERING.

FOR THE YOUNG MEN'S NATIONAL CONVENTION AT BAL-  
TIMORE, MAY 4, 1840.

TUNE—" *Pibroch of Donnel Dhu.*"

Voice of the nation bold !  
Voice of the nation !  
Wake thy free tones of old,  
In loud invocation.  
Come away, come away !  
Merchant and yeoman,  
Strengthen the Whig array  
Strong 'gainst the foeman.

Come from forest of Maine,  
Through the mist and the shower.  
Come o'er prairie and plain,  
From the south sunny bower.  
Come from high northern hill,  
And from green western hollow.  
With stout heart and good will  
Come, follow ! come, follow.

Leave the store, leave the shore,  
Leave the crop and the cattle,  
Ten thousand strong and more,  
Troop to the battle.

Come every blue jacket,  
 And true heart that wears one,  
 Come each country crab-stick,  
 And brave hand that bears one.

Onward fall, one and all,  
 On to your station,  
 Hear ye the people call—  
 “Rescue the nation !”

Faster come, every man,  
 Faster and faster,  
 Show quick the Tory clan,  
 Who'll be their master.

Fast they come, fast they come :  
 See them all ready !

Strike up the people's drum,  
 Stand firm and steady.

Wave the Whig standard high,  
 All bright in its glories—

Then for the nation's cry,—  
 “Down with the Tories !”



#### HURRAH FOR HARRISON !

Our flag is floating on the breeze,  
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah ;  
 O'er mountains, vallies, lakes, and seas ;  
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah ;  
 Our rallying cry—a magic word,  
 From Maine to Michigan is heard ;  
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah ;  
 Hurrah for HARRISON !  
 Press on, press on with Harrison,  
 Hurrah, &c.  
 The hero who so oft hath won ;  
 Hurrah, &c.



With such a leader in the field,  
The foes of freedom soon must yield.  
Hurrah, &c.

Comes from the east the stirring cry,  
Hurrah, &c.  
In trumpet tones of victory ;  
Hurrah, &c.  
The south gives back the cheering shout  
Dispelling fear, dissolving doubt.  
Hurrah, &c.

Comes from the north the thrilling peal,  
Stand by him, Whigs, be true as steel ;  
Hurrah, &c.  
Let recreant cowards turn and flee,  
We go for death or victory.  
Hurrah, &c.

Comes from the west in thunder tone,  
Hurrah, &c.  
“He is our *best*, our *chosen* one,”  
Hurrah, &c.  
East, west, north, south,—united won  
Their love for gallant HARRISON.  
Hurrah, &c.



### ROLL THE DEMOCRATIC BALL.

AIR—“*Bruce's address.*”

*Freemen !* hear your country's call,  
Roll the *Democratic* ball,  
Let your voice be heard by all  
The foes of *liberty*.  
Now's the day and now's the hour,  
See they struggle hard for power :  
But in vain the Locos roar  
Against Democracy.

Who will be a *Loqo* slave,  
 Who would not his country save,  
 Who a monarch soon would have  
     Let him turn and flee.

Who Columbia's glory love,  
 Who for *freedom*, freemen prove;  
 Onward to the battle move,  
     Let us all be free.

*From all labour-crushing laws,  
 From official plunderers jaws,  
 And Sub-treasurers' "specie claws,"*  
     *Keep your country free.*

*Let HARRISON then lead the van,*  
 To carry out the glorious plan,  
 Approved by every honest man  
     Who loves his liberty.



### THE MAN BOTH WISE AND GREAT.

TUNE—"Sittin' on a rail."

There is a man both wise and great,  
 Who lives up in the Buckeye state,  
 Whom *freemen* now with hearts elate,  
     Are shouting loudly for,  
     Are shouting, &c.

His name is *Harrison*.

When the Indian with his bloody knife,  
 And savage purpose sought for life,  
 'Twas there he joined the angry strife,  
     Where brave men only fought,  
     Where brave men, &c.

By the side of General *Wayne*.

Where bullets flew, mid fire and flame,  
 He earned himself an honest fame,  
 Undying as his own bright name,

The name of *Harrison*,

The name, &c.

The *Farmer* of North Bend.

In after years with a chosen few,  
Of honest men both good and true,  
He triumphed at the Tip'canoe,

The gallant *Harrison*,

The gallant, &c.

The *Farmer* of North Bend.

And when with showy, glittering trains,  
The *British* came with swelling strains,  
'Twas there he took them at the *Thames*,

All prisoners of war,

All prisoners, &c.

For *Harrison*, huzza !

Then who like he, who years ago  
Beat back our proud and *British* foe,  
Can teach the *spoilsmen* how to go

From out the capitol ?

From out, &c.

Why ! none but *Harrison*.

The patriot's hope, sly Matty's fear,  
Will mark the cause of victory here,  
Then let's rejoice, and fondly cheer

The name of *Harrison*.

The name, &c.

The *Farmer* of North Bend.

Then *freemen* join and catch the strain  
That rises from each hill and plain,  
Declare that you, yourselves will reign,  
Through the *Farmer* of North Bend.

Through the *Farmer*, &c.

The gallant *Harrison*.

## DRAW, PATRIOT, DRAW THE SWORD!

As an introduction to the following lines, I would briefly allude to the attempts of the administration party to bring into disrepute the military services of General Harrison. That a man who has devoted his whole life to the welfare of his country—who has braved danger in a thousand ways; sacrificed health, fortune, and the delights of home, in defence of the rights which we now enjoy, should be thus vilified and traduced by his *own countrymen*, to the entire disregard of history and a host of living witnesses, adds but little to our reputation as a people of honour abroad, whilst the fact should be duly appreciated by *him* who would hereafter wish to win reputation in the capacity of a soldier. “Honour to whom honour is due.”

“Slander meets no regard from noble minds;  
Only the base believe what the base only utter.”  
*Beller's Injured Innocence.*

Draw, patriot, draw the sword!  
In Freedom's holy cause;  
Bear down upon the hireling horde,  
Who'd trample on the laws.  
Strike for the land which gave you birth—  
The loved ones of your household's hearth.

Sink deep the gleaming blade!  
(It smokes with human gore!)  
And see the dastard foeman fade,  
Forever from your shore!  
Gain laurels at the cannon's mouth—  
Give to thy country health and youth.

Through forests wide and wild,  
Through swamps where serpents feed;  
Go track the slayer of the child—  
The hater of your breed!  
Wrest from his grasp the murderous knife,  
Red with the blood of sire and wife.

Endure the pangs of want—  
Breast the mad torrent's wrath;  
Bid life with all its charms avaunt  
To tread the victor's path.  
Then, warrior, hear the trump of fame  
Declare the meed thy merits claim.

The warrior's glorious meed!  
What is it, Freedom's sons?  
A stainless memory, such as we'd  
Award to *Washington's*?  
Such was it when imperial Rome  
Welcomed her conquering Cæsars home.

*Freemen!* what is it now?  
Alas! not what it was:—  
No bay leaf now entwines his brow  
Who fights in *Freedom's* cause.  
Lo! hellebore, with poisonous breath—  
Of this ye'll form the soldier's wreath.

Yes, *freeman!* would thy blood,  
Warm with a patriot's zeal;  
*Remember him* who early trod,  
Miami's battle field.  
Whose hairs in service, now grown white,  
Must yet endure the slanderer's blight.

Was it for this he braved  
The summer's sultry heat?  
Was it for this, when tempests raved,  
He scorned the winter's sleet?  
Was it for this, at *Freedom's* shrine,  
He offered up his life for thine?

Back, back, *defamer*, back!  
Hence with thy leprous touch!



Unclean !—thy crimes than hell more black,  
 Yet pity we as such.  
 Ay, hide thee in thy serpent den,  
 Thou loathsome thing—thou scorn'd of men !

Hail, *Liberty* ! From heaven  
 Descend, and Oh, once more,  
 Inspire us with the virtues given  
 Unto thy sons of yore.  
 And grant that we may ever be,  
 As truly great—as truly free.

Root faction from the land !  
 Burst, burst the galling chain  
 With which a *modern patriot* band  
 Would shackle us again !  
 Tear from his base their idols down,  
 We wear no more a kingly crown.

*America*, all hail !—  
 Up with thy banner bright !  
 Fling we our troubles to the gale,  
 And forward to the fight !  
 Our motto, *right*—by valour won,  
 Our watchword—*TRUTH and HARRISON* !



### VAN AND THE FARMER

TUNE—" *The king and the countryman.*"

A farmer there was who lived at North Bend,  
 Esteemed by his neighbours and many a friend ;  
 And you'll see, on a time, if you follow my ditty,  
 How he took a short walk up to Washington city.  
     Ri tu, di nu, di nu, di nu,  
     Ri tu di ni nu, ri tu, di nu, ri na. !

It's good to cheer him who has often cheered us,  
Then shout for Old Tippecanoe !  
Here's a health to Tippecanoe !  
Here's a shout for Tippecanoe !  
Here's a health to the chief who was never yet beat,  
Three rounds for the honest and true !  
Here's luck to the hand that will toil !  
Here's luck to the seed that is sown !  
Who's a poor man himself is a friend of the poor,  
And values their rights as his own.  
Then shout for Old Tippecanoe !  
Hurrah for Old Tippecanoe !  
It's time to turn out all the profligate herd,  
And put in OLD TIPPECANOE !



## OUR OWN CINCINNATUS.

TUNE—" *Rosin the bow.* "

Let us sing of Ohio's old statesman  
A warrior, valiant and true,  
Our country's most noble defender,  
The Hero of Tippecanoe.

When Washington made him an ensign,  
To Wayne's gallant army he flew ;  
And won for himself the proud title—  
The Hero of Tippecanoe.

When the homes of the west were invaded,  
And tyranny struck her last blow,  
All eyes were upon the old chieftain,  
The Hero of Tippecanoe.

At the Thames his bright fame is recorded,  
Fort Meigs is a monument too ;  
And the journals of Congress proclaim him  
The Hero of Tippecanoe.

The country still loves her old soldiers,  
 And soon will her gratitude show,  
 By choosing as chief of her council,  
 The Hero of Tippecanoe.

The old and young Whigs of the nation,  
 And the noble Conservatives too,  
 Rally round with proud exultation,  
 The Hero of Tippecanoe.

In '13 when he landed among us,  
 The democrats hailed him true blue ;  
 What since has ensued to dishonour  
 The Hero of Tippecanoe ?

They say he lives in a log cabin,  
 And loves to drink hard cider too .  
 For this they are gravely opposing  
 The Hero of Tippecanoe.

The mountains and valleys are ringing,  
 The death knell of Martin and crew ;  
 The cities respond and re-echo,  
 The Hero of Tippecanoe.

Heard ye not the last gun from New England ?  
 The Yankees are marshalling anew ;  
 Connecticut's true to our banner,  
 And the Hero of Tippecanoe.

For once let the Whigs pull together,  
 In union their efforts renew,  
 And this be their watchword in battle,  
 " The Hero of Tippecanoe."

The times are as hard as they can be,  
 The Locos acknowledge them so ;  
 What then can be lost by exchanging,  
 Young Van for Old Tippecanoe ?

Then fill up your mugs of hard cider,  
 And pledge to the brave and the true,  
 Let our motto be upward and onward,  
 For the Hero of Tippecanoe.



### FREEMEN, AWAKE!

TUNE—"A life on the ocean wave."

Awake to the stirring sound !  
 Hark, hark to the loud alarms !  
 A shout on the breeze is heard—  
 'Tis the people up in arms !  
 Then rouse to the rescue, rouse !  
 In a body all as one—  
 Let your watchword be "*Our Rights !*"  
 And your war-cry, "*Harrison !*"  
 Awake, &c.

In vain did our fathers toil  
 And fight for the rights of man,  
 If tyrants may scorn us now,  
 And to take our freedom plan.  
 We'll let them know we'll fight  
 For the cause our sires have won,  
 And our shout shall go forth aloud,  
 "*The people and Harrison !*"  
 Awake, &c

Let us teach these men in power  
 What they seem not now to know,  
 That they cannot stay an hour  
 When the *people* utter "*go !*"  
 Then up with the shout again,  
 Press the cry of victory on,  
 "The rights which our fathers gave,  
 The *people and Harrison !*"  
 Awake, &c.

The worthy and patriotic of all nations are coming to the *rescue* of our abused country; and none evince a holier determination to aid in maintaining our free institutions than those brave sons of the "*Emerald Isle*," who have the magnanimity to acknowledge their former errors, and resolve to atone for them by supporting the cause of the *defender of their adopted country*. Here is one of the almost numberless instances.

From the Pottsville Log Cabin.

✂ The following lines were written by a true-hearted son of the *Emerald Isle*, and a working man of this borough. He voted for Van Buren at the last election, but can no longer support an administration which has proved itself to be opposed to the true principles of *democracy*, and the rights and interests of the *working man*. The reader will easily perceive that these lines come from the *heart*, which is a sufficient recommendation.

#### A SONG OF FREEDOM.

TUNE—" *St. Patrick's day in the morning.*"

Ye brave sons of freemen, I pray pay attention,  
Unto these few things I am going to mention,  
Concerning the times and the present oppression,  
Imposed by those Vans in their present profession :  
For nine years and more they have swindled us of  
our rights ;

But in the present year we will show them a sight—  
We'll bundle them up and put them to flight,  
Before St. Patrick's day in the morning.

Remember how brave *General Harrison* stood,  
In a great many battles, in crimson and blood ;  
Defending your cause and his country's rights,  
When the foe and the savage he put to flight.  
The people are flattered and truly deceived,  
By Van Buren, Buchanan, and other such knaves—  
But the time is drawing near when they'll be relieved,  
Before St. Patrick's day in the morning.



Remember the battle of Tippecanoe,  
 For General *Harrison* conquered there too—  
 His cannon did roar, his foes they did fall,  
 Like Joshua's resound upon Jericho's wall.  
 So, now my brave boys, to the hustings repair,  
 And for Harrison and Tyler we will give good cheer,  
 And the sound of our voices our enemies will scare,  
     Before St. Patrick's day in the morning.

So, now to conclude on these lines I have penned,  
 There is no person breathing I mean to offend—  
 I am no politician, but yet I can see  
 I am always a friend to the brave and the free.  
 May peace and tranquillity dwell in our land—  
 For the office-holding crew we shall shortly disband;  
 There are some will get blind in the Egyptian sand,  
     Before St. Patrick's day in the morning!  
J. C. G.



### THE TREASURY CHEST.

AIR—" *The Mistletoe bough.*"

The cabinet met in the White House hall,  
 They knew there was going to be a squall;  
 For some members had come to draw their pay;  
 To give them a spree and a holiday.  
 And Martin was sad and his heart oppressed,  
 As he turned his eyes on the Treasury chest;  
 For well he knew, if the truth was told,  
*That chest was bare both of silver and gold.*  
     Oh! the Treasury chest,  
     The Treasury chest.

Then Martin looked up and he heaved a sigh,  
 While the *devil* stood ready to help with a *lie*;  
 There's our Treasury chest as you all may see,  
 But Levi's gone out and has taken the key:

Just call next month when some lands are sold,  
And we'll pay you your wages in silver and gold ;  
And should the Whigs ask you, I have to request  
That you wont say one word of our Treasury chest.

Oh ! the Treasury chest,  
The Treasury chest.

The members went off; and they all began  
To puzzle their brains to plot and plan,  
And Kendall was sent to smuggle the mail ;  
And Woodbury took some drafts for sale,  
And Paulding he cut down the sailor's cups ;  
And Poinsett took for sale some blood-hound pups,  
And Martin cried, now my mind is at rest,  
At length we'll have gold in our Treasury chest.

Oh ! the Treasury chest,  
The Treasury chest.

They tried to sell but none would buy,  
They tried to pump but the well was dry ;  
They tried to borrow but none would lend,  
For all knew their days were near their end.  
But their smuggling scheme was the worst by far,  
For Ainos was caught and kicked out of the car,  
So they sought the White House as a place of rest  
And all sat in tears round the Treasury chest.

Oh ! the Treasury chest,  
The Treasury chest.

But the *fourth of March* caused a dreadful rout,  
For Mat and his robbers were all turned out ;  
And the cabinet scattered, for well they knew  
They could not play tricks on *Old Tippecanoe* :  
And they knew the old hero who fought in the field  
Was as cunning as they, and too honest to yield,  
And that in obeying the people's behest  
He would soon find the rights of the Treasury chest.

Oh ! the Treasury chest,  
The Treasury chest.

Then old *Harrison* came with his oaken stick,  
To the Treasury chest, and gave it a lick ;  
The old rotten doors flew back with a sound,  
But the devil a dollar was there to be found ;  
But some Treasury drafts that good blow did reveal,

Too ragged to pass and too worthless to steal ;  
And Woodbury whimpered, I vow and protest  
The rats must have got in the Treasury chest.

Oh! the Treasury chest,  
The Treasury chest.



#### NEW ZIP COON.

Oh its gwine to the White House todder arternoon,  
Oh its gwine to the White House todder arternoon,  
Oh its gwine to the White House todder arternoon,  
And who should I meet but John Calhoun.

Oh John Calhoun is a very larned scholar,  
Oh John Calhoun, &c.

For he strikes up our rogues' march and makes Van  
Buren follow.

Oh its Jim Buchanan the Locos love to sarve,  
Oh its Jim Buchanan, &c.

For he says put down de wages and let de work-  
men starve.

Oh its Mat. Van Buren the Locos love to see,  
Oh its Mat. Van Buren, &c.

For he cheats all the folks wid his Sub-Treasury:

Possum up a gum tree, cooney in a holler,  
Possum up a gum tree, &c.

For Price he hold de bag, while Swartwout steals  
de dollar.

Oh we'll sing, Go it, Tip; and we'll sing, Come it, Ty-  
Oh we'll sing go it Tip, &c. [ler,  
When de people raise de steam they'll bust poor  
Matty's biler.

Oh, Oh Jinal Harrison deserves his country's  
thanks.

Oh, Oh Jinal Harrison, &c.

For he licked all de Indians on de river Wabash  
banks.

I've got some news from Bedford, and Jim says its  
worth a dollar,

I've got some news from Bedford, &c.

For de people there have slipped their necks from de  
Loco-foco collar.

For when it came election time de people turned  
about,

For when it came, &c. [Locos out.

And put an honest patriot in and they turned those

Oh meat upon the goose foot t' marrow and de  
bone,

Oh meat upon the goose foot, &c.

For de Loco-foco steal de cash and let de people  
groan.

Old Kate walked to North Bend, and I walked be-  
side her,

Old Kate walked to North Bend, &c.

And there we saw old Harrison a drinking of hard  
cider.

There came along a soldier, says Old Tip you better  
stop,

There came along a soldier, &c.

For while my pitcher holds a drink a friend must  
have a drop.

Now sober and steady, will start to explore,  
With her cargo of Vans, that late colonized shore,  
Up Salt river, &c.

The New Jersey next will be loudly cheered on,  
By Maxwell, Aycrigg, Halsted, York, and Stratton,  
Whilst Dickerson, Cooper, Ryall, and two more,  
Will take *without contest* their seats on that shore.  
Away up Salt river, &c.

Missouri, new rigged, will next hoist her sail,  
Harrisonians will give her a glorious gale,  
At the port which she starts for, she proudly will call,  
Leaving *Tumble Bug Benton* a rolling his ball,  
On the shore of Salt river, &c.

The noble Ohio is ready likewise,  
The pride and the glory of all the Buckeyes ;  
She's freighted with Locos, the Shannons, and more,  
And quasi Medary to land on that shore,  
Away up Salt river, &c.

And as we sail on we'll be still looking back,  
For the ships we expect on the very same track,  
For Virginia, Kentucky, and some half dozen or  
more,  
Are bound for the port on that fast filling shore,  
Away up Salt river, &c.

When they're all under way, we will knock off a  
toast,  
To Old Tippecanoe, our pride and our boast :  
He'll be President next ; for changes then look,  
As sour crout is transported from old Kinderhook,  
Up Salt river, &c.



## TO KING MARTIN.

TUNE—" *Pensez a moi, &c.* "

When freemen wake and dream no more,  
And now the contest has begun ;  
When shouts resound from shore to shore,  
In praise of gallant HARRISON ;  
Then while those pealing sounds you scan,  
Think upon Tip, King Martin Van.

When cringing dogs do bend the knee,  
And tell thee many a honeyed tale,  
About thy power and majesty ;  
How 'gainst the Whigs you will prevail,  
Then while you think secure you stand,  
Think upon Tip, King Martin Van.

When High-Priest Amos wields the quill,  
Plucked from a demon's wing of yore :  
You think he writes with mystic skill,  
To lull us all to sleep once more ;  
Then ere his wicked works began,  
Think upon Tip, King Martin Van.

When those who do the plunder share,  
And feed thine ear with idle *lies*,  
When they, thy mighty way declare,  
And send thy wisdom to the skies,  
Then when around thy throne they stand,  
Think upon Tip, King Martin Van.

When brave old Tip has threshed you all,  
And rents his cabin at North Bend,  
When exiled from the White House hall,  
You sadly Kinder-hook-ward wend ;  
Then when you see your father's land,  
Think upon Tip, poor Martin Van.



## THE HUGE PAW.

TUNE—"Law."

Come list to me a minute,  
 A song, I'm going to sing it,  
 You'll find there's something in it,  
 'Tis all about a PAW.

P, A, W, paw,  
 The *hugest* ever you saw,  
 If you've any commiseration  
 For the luckless situation  
 Of this bamboozled nation,  
 Hear the tale of this HUGE PAW.

The wheel was lustily spinning,  
 The merchant merrily grinning,  
 And cash the farmer was winning,  
 As fast as he could claw.  
 C, L, A, W, claw,  
 Went each industrious paw ;  
 And all was jollification,  
 Till a meddling botheration  
 Confounded the circulation !  
 Of the blood of this HUGE PAW.

For a quack came slily creeping,  
 While Uncle Sam was a-sleeping,  
 And, astride of his shoulders leaping,  
 Like a hungry dog did gnaw.  
 G, N, A, W, gnaw,  
 All the flesh of his honest paw,

And with mighty speechification,  
 Made a blarneying protestation,  
 How he'd "better his circulation,"  
     By the wag of his impudent jaw!

But, sirs, the quack was a Tory,  
 And his wonderful "blaze of glory,  
 To make short work of the story,  
     Was puffed away in a flaw!  
 F, L, A, W, flaw,  
 Like snow in an April thaw!  
 If you've any commiseration,  
 Think of Uncle Sam's consternation,  
 When he felt the sudden prostration  
     Of the strength of his HUGE PAW!

But the rogues will soon be nabbin,  
 If guessing I'm any dab in;  
 So—come out of that *log cabin*,  
     Old soldier among the straw!  
 S, T, R, A, W, straw,  
 Shall tickle 'em all till they jaw,  
 Then sound a loud acclamation,  
 And hand him into his station,  
 For he's the man for the nation,  
     To wield of reform the HUGE PAW.

So, Tories, prepare to knock under,  
 For he'll down upon you like thunder,  
 And smite your whole squad asunder,  
     With his HUGE and VETERAN PAW.  
 P, A, W, paw,  
 Will hit you over the raw!  
 Then hurrah for the Whigs and the nation!  
 And a shout of loud jubilation  
 For the glorious restoration  
     Of the HUGE and PATRIOT PAW.

## A DEMOCRATIC HARRISON SONG.

DEDICATED TO THE SIXTH WARD TIPPECANOE CLUB OF  
CINCINNATI.

TUNE—"A landlady of France."

It always has been told,  
That the Loco-focos bold'  
Could beat the Whigs to pieces, and so handy O!  
But they now have found their match,  
And will see when comes the "scratch,"  
That the Tippy-boys for fighting are the dandy O!  
The "White House," a mansion bold,  
Where the spoilers have their hold,  
Is governed by Van Buren, the Grandee O!  
With as choice a kitchen crew  
As ever salary drew,  
They could flog the Tippy-boys, so handy O!  
When the "log cabin" hove in view,  
Says sly Martin to his crew,  
Come clear the house for action, and be handy O!  
To the weathergage, boys, get her,  
And to make his tools fight better,  
He promised them fat offices, the dandy O!  
Then Matty loudly cries,  
Make this cabin, boys, your prize,  
You can, if you'll but try right hard and handy O!  
I'll reward you well you know,  
And to work you all must go,  
And do not fail to use the *gold* and *brandy* O!  
The Locos' shot flew hot,  
But the Whigs they answered not,  
Until they had all things well fixed and handy O!  
Says Old Tippy to his crew,  
"Now let's see what we can do,  
We'll take this *pseudo* Democrat, this Grandee O!"

The first broadside we poured,  
 Carried Connecticut by the board,  
 Which made the Locos look quite abandoned O !  
 Then Matty shook his head,  
 And to his scullions said :  
 " I begin to fear Old Tippy's name's the dandy O !"

Our second told so well,  
 That Rhode Island quickly fell,  
 And Virginia, she surrendered, so handy O !  
 Says he, " Amos, we're undone,  
 Aye, every mother's son ;"  
 While the Tippy-boys were shouting " We're the  
 dandy O !"

Then Martin says to Amos :  
 " No one can hardly blame us,  
 If you will now turn editor, so handy O !  
 You must wear another robe,  
 And write daily for the Globe ;  
 Cheer up, let's take a hearty pull of brandy O !"

Come fill your glasses full,  
 And we'll take a hearty pull,  
 Ye " Log Cabin and Hard Cider Boys," of brandy O !  
 We'll drink a toast so true,  
 To the Hero of Tippecanoe ;  
 That he will be our President, so handy O !



A song preparatory to the great and enthusiastic convention held at Columbus, Ohio, on the birth day of the immortal Washington, Feb. 22, 1840.

### OLD TIPPECANOE.

AIR—" *Rosin the bow.*"

Ye jolly young Whigs of Ohio,  
 And all ye sick " Democrats" too,



Come out from among the foul party,  
And vote for Old Tippecanoe.  
And vote for Old Tippecanoe.

The great twenty-second is coming,  
And the Vanjacks begin to look blue,  
They know there's no chance for poor Matty,  
If we stick to Old Tippecanoe.  
If we stick, &c.

I therefore will give you a warning,  
Not that any good it will do,  
For I'm sure that you all are a-going,  
To vote for Old Tippecanoe.  
To vote, &c.

Then let us be up and a-doing,  
And cling to our cause brave and true ;  
I'll bet you a fortune we'll beat them,  
With the Hero of Tippecanoe.  
With the hero, &c.

Good men from the Vanjacks are flying,  
Which makes them look kinder askew,  
For see they are joining the standard,  
With the Hero of Tippecanoe.  
With the hero, &c.

They say that he lived in a cabin,  
And lived on old *hard cider* too ;  
Well, what if he did ? I'm certain  
He's the Hero of Tippecanoe.  
He's the hero, &c.

Then let us all go to Columbus,  
And form a procession or two,  
And I tell you the Vanjacks will startle,  
At the sound of Old Tippecanoe.  
At the sound, &c.

And for one I'm fully determined,  
 To go, let it rain, hail, or snow,  
 And do what I can in the battle,  
 For the Hero of Tippecanoe.  
 For the hero, &c.

And if we get any ways thirsty,  
 I'll tell you what we can do ;  
 We'll bring down a keg of hard cider,  
 And drink to Old Tippecanoe.  
 And drink, &c.

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### THE PEOPLE'S RALLY.

Come, come to the meeting,  
 Come one, and come all,  
 For true hearts are beating,  
 Responsive the call ;  
 From highland and valley—  
 From mountain and plain—  
 Come, come to the rally,  
 Our rights to regain.

Indignantly spurning  
 The yoke of the slave,  
 With liberty burning,  
 We cringe not, nor crave ;  
 Our banner is flouting  
 Its red wings on high,  
 And freemen are shouting  
 To do or to die.

Let *triflers* preach *Union*  
 For *office* and *spoils* ;  
 We shun a communion  
 Environed with toils ;

Away with caresses,  
 Contrived to betray,  
 The tunic of Nessus  
 Were better than they.

Our country forever,  
 From Sabine to Maine;  
 No true Whigs will sever  
 One link in the chain,—  
 No pretences hollow,  
 No mixing of creeds—  
 Our flag we will follow  
 Wherever it leads.

Then come to the meeting,  
 Come one and come all,  
 For true hearts are beating,  
 To answer the call;  
 From highland and valley—  
 From mountain and plain—  
 Come, come to the rally,  
 Our rights to regain.



#### THE HURRAH SONG.

Old Tip's the boy to swing the flail,  
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!  
 And make the Locos all turn pale,  
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!  
 He'll give them all a tarnal switchen,  
 When he begins to clear the kitchen. [rah!  
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hur-  
 Ploughboys, though he leads in battle,  
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!  
 He's a *team* in raising cattle,  
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah

And though old Proctor at him kicked,  
 He's the chap that ne'er was licked.  
 Hurrah, hurrah, &c.

His latchstring hangs outside the door,  
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !  
 As it has always done before,  
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !  
 We vowed by Whigs he should be sent  
 To Washington as President.  
 Hurrah, hurrah, &c.

In all the states no door stands wider,  
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !  
 To ask you in to drink hard cider,  
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !  
 But any man that's "given to grabbin',"  
 Ne'er can enter his log cabin.  
 Hurrah, hurrah, &c.

For such as Swartwout, Price, and Boyd,  
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !  
 His honest soul will e'er avoid,  
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !  
 And poverty he thinks no crime,  
 But welcomes it at dinner time.  
 Hurrah, hurrah, &c.

So here's three cheers for honest Tip,  
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !  
 We've got the Locos on the hip,  
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !  
 We'll roll them all far up Salt River,  
 There let them stand to shake and shiver.  
 Hurrah, hurrah, &c.

## THE FARMER PRESIDENT.

TUNE—"The Poachers."

Did you ever hear of the *farmer*  
That lives up in the West ;  
Of all the men for *President*  
The wisest and the best ?  
To put him in the capitol,  
We've found a capital way :  
Oh ! we'll sing a *Harrison* song by night,  
And beat his foes by day.  
Oh ! we'll sing, &c.

Come, all of every station,  
The rich as well as poor ;  
For *all* the farmer had a place  
Who ever sought his door :  
He never shrunk before the *rich*,  
Nor turned the *poor* away :  
Oh ! we'll sing a *Harrison* song by night,  
And beat his foes by day.  
Oh ! we'll sing, &c.

Come all the folks of every age,  
The old as well as young ;  
There's not in all Columbia  
A name more justly sung ;  
The bravest of the brave was he,  
When found in deadly fray,  
Oh ! we'll sing a *Harrison* song by night,  
And beat his foes by day.  
Oh ! we'll sing, &c.

When gathered into council,  
Among the wise and great,  
He never thought to serve himself,  
But wisely served the state ;



A statesman he of vigour yet,  
 Although his locks are gray ;  
 Oh ! we'll sing a *Harrison* song by night,  
 And beat his foes by day.  
 Oh ! we'll sing, &c.

There's news about election  
 Borne on in every gale,  
 A shout from every place is heard,  
 About the plough and flail ;  
 And freemen's voices gladly join  
 To catch the sound so gay :  
 Oh ! we'll sing a *Harrison* song by night,  
 And beat his foes by day.  
 Oh ! we'll sing, &c.

Then raise the Harrison banner  
 Upon the outward walls ;  
 The word is rolling trumpet-tongued :  
*The hero's rival falls ;*  
 The cry of victory rends the air—  
 It swells the joyous lay :  
 Oh ! we'll sing a Harrison song by night,  
 And beat his foes by day.  
 Oh ! we'll sing, &c



#### THE WHIG RALLY.

TUNE—"Bruce's address."

Ye who fought with WASHINGTON,  
 Ye who oft with JACKSON won,  
 Onward now with HARRISON,  
 On to VICTORY.  
 Now's the day the Vanites cower,  
 See the office-holders lower,  
 Trembling for departing power, :  
 Got by knavery.

Who will cling to sinking Van ?  
 Who will join his robbing clan ?  
 Give him Price and Swartwout's plan,  
 Let him turn and flee.

Who for freedom and reform,  
 With his bosom kindling warm,  
 Pledges honour, heart, and arm ?  
 Pledge them now with me.

By our suffering, bleeding land,  
 By the soul that nerves the hand,  
 We will fall or conquerors stand,  
 Conquerors firm and free.  
 Bring your proud oppressors down,  
 By your votes the deed is done,  
 Hoist the flag of HARRISON !  
 Flag of *Liberty* !



# FOR HARRISON, HUZZA !

TUNE—" *Frog in a well,*" or any equal measure.

Ye Whigs, Conservatives, and all,  
 Listen to your country's call,  
 For troubles "press her to the wall,"  
 Party giving *law* !  
 There's nothing, surely, more sublime,  
 Than freemen roused in party time,  
 To save their lands from plot and crime :  
 Republicans, huzza !

The Tory Lord of Kinderhook  
 Honest men have most forsook ;  
 There's naught of him, where'er we look,  
 Confidence can draw !

We to the Locofoco clan,  
 The patent *demos* leave the man,  
 And riddance seek from *wizzard Van* !  
 Republicans, huzza !

This man you know has often told,  
That our land should flow with gold ;  
And honest men their freedom sold,  
For this *dictum laud.*

His plans are only to deceive :  
*Leg Bail*, is all the treasurers give :  
 But still our cause, we can retrieve ;  
Republicans, huzza !

We feel oppression bearing on,  
Taxes high, and money low,  
And officers exempt, alone,  
From destructive law.

Then, Whigs, advance, of every grade,  
Your country to redeem and aid,  
In freedom's panoply arrayed ;  
Republicans, huzza !

We for the country firmly stand,  
As a patriotic band;  
From party men, of party-brand,  
We, of course, withdraw.

"Our country first, our country last,"  
Her standard, "nailing to the mast,"  
"We're clear for action," standing fast,  
Republicans, huzza!

We know, indeed, that men must rule,  
But we spurn the party tool,  
Republicans of ancient school  
Our actions draw.

Of such, the man for whom we go,  
He's known to all, and this we know,  
His feelings for his country flow!  
'Tis Harrison—huzza!

What public good has Martin done ?  
*None*, that ever saw the sun !  
 His schemes are all for " number one,"  
 Power and wealth to draw.

Our friend is quite *another* man,  
To help the *people* all he can,  
His steady aim, his only plan;  
For Harrison, huzza !

When savage tribes together planned,  
Proctor's troops—Tecumseh's band,  
By deadly war to scourge our land,  
Breaking treaty—law !  
He fought the foe, in plains, in wood,  
He through the hottest battles rode,  
And victory came from fields of blood ;  
For Harrison, huzza !

We all shall go for *Harrison*,  
With him there's no comparison,  
In marshalled fields—in garrison,  
An organic law !  
He always for his country stood,  
In peace, in war, through storm and flood  
Devoted to the public good !  
For *Harrison*, huzza !



### THE HERO STATESMAN.

TUNE—" *The Campbells are coming.* "

He comes from the west, in the strength of his name,  
The favoured of song, and the hero in fame ;  
He's the people's own choice, and his resting shall be  
At the side of the brave and the hearts of the free.  
No more in the shade of retirement he's laid,  
Where the warrior's plume rests with his chivalrous  
blade ;  
For his country demands his true service again,  
To protect with his sword, and defend with his pen.

He comes from the west in the strength of his name  
 The favoured of song, and hero in fame ;  
 He's the people's own choice, and his resting shall be  
 At the side of the brave in the hearts of the free.

Though gray be his locks, there's a fire in his eye,  
 That flashes in scorn when a foeman is nigh ;  
 To the poor and oppressed who his kindness implore,  
 He never in scorn shuts his hand or his door.  
 Then hail to the hero who merits our thanks,  
 To the statesman who lives on Ohio's green banks,  
 For the banner of freedom that floats to the breeze,  
 Shall ne'er be dishonoured on lands or on seas.

He comes from the west, &c.

When joined with the wise and engaged with the  
 great

To act for his country in councils of state.  
 No traitor unscathed shall escape from his hand—  
 The boldest he'll sweep from a place in the land.  
 Though dastards revile, and though cowards defame,  
 They dim not the glory of Harrison's name :  
 And louder and broader our plaudits shall rise  
 For the hero so bold, for the statesman so wise.  
 He comes from the west, &c.



#### JOHN C. CALHOUN MY JO.

'Tis true, 'tis pitiful—'tis pitiful, 'tis true!!

TUNE—"John Anderson, my Jo."

John C. Calhoun my Jo John, I'm sorry for your fate,  
 You've nullified the tariff laws, you've nullified your  
 state ;  
 You've nullified your party, John, and principles,  
 you know,  
 And now you've nullified yourself, John C. Calhoun  
 my Jo.



Oh! John, how could you look into the face of  
Henry Clay?

The glory of the Western World and of the world  
away;

You called yourself his "master," John, but that  
can ne'er be so,

For he "would not own you for a slave," John C.  
Calhoun my Jo.

The Father of the Tariff, John, and Patron of the  
Arts,

He seeks to build his country up in spite of foreign  
parts;

And Harrison will soon upset the little Van & Co.,  
And renovate the Ship of State, John C. Calhoun  
my Jo.

John C. Calhoun my Jo John, ambition in despair,  
Once made you nullify the *whole*, the *half* of it to  
share;

The "whole hog now you've gone," John, with  
Kendall, Blair & Co.,

But "you've got the wrong sow by the ear," John  
C. Calhoun my Jo.

American mechanics, John, will never sell their votes  
For Mint Drops or for Treasury Bills, or even  
British coats;

They want no English coaches, John, white ser-  
vants they forego,

For their carriage is of Yankee stamp, John C.  
Calhoun my Jo.

Oh! John, he is a slippery blade with whom you've  
got to deal,

He'll pass between your clutches too, just like a  
living eel;

You think he'll *recommend* you, John, but Van will  
ne'er do so,

For he wants the fishes for himself, John C. Cal-  
houn my Jo.

John C. Calhoun my Jo, John, if this you dare to  
doubt,

Go ask the *Living Skeleton*, who deals his secrets out,  
His favourites are marked, John, the mark you can-  
not toe,

And you'll soon repent the bargain made, John C.  
Calhoun my Jo.

This is a dirty business, John, go wash your little  
hands,

And never bow your knee again to cunning Van's  
commands ;

"How you are off for soap," John, I cannot say I  
know,

But "your mother does not know you're out," John  
C. Calhoun my Jo.

The brave sons of the South, John, will never own  
you more,

And Benton's Mint Drops will not save—you're  
rotten to the core ;

The people will no power, John, on such as you  
bestow,

And you've jumped your final somerset, John C.  
Calhoun my Jo.

John C. Calhoun my Jo John, you'll ride with lit-  
tle Van,

From yonder Whited Sepulchre, with all its motley  
clan ;

The journey will be long, John, now mind I tell  
you so,

For they never can return again, John C. Calhoun  
my Jo.

Then better men, my Jo John, our sad affairs will fix,  
 Republicans in principle, the Whigs of seventy-six ;  
 The offices they'll purge, John, Swartwouters all  
 will go,

And sycophantic fellows too, John C. Calhoun my Jo.

The farmer of North Bend, John, will plough the  
 weeds away,

And the terror of Tecumseh then will gain another  
 day ;

America will flourish, John, mechanics find employ,  
 And our merchants will rejoice indeed, John C. Cal-  
 houn my Jo.

John C. Calhoun my Jo John, when one term shall  
 expire,

He'll drop the reigns of power, and with dignity  
 retire,

To look upon a smiling land, that he has rendered so,  
 And every Whig will cry Amen ! John C. Calhoun  
 my Jo.



We cannot more appropriately introduce the following song, than by copying the speeches said to have been delivered by the Secretary of war, and by *him* of the *Globe*, on the occasion of the "*presentation by the War functionary of a stand of colours to the 1st Regiment of Republican bloodhounds.*"

The Secretary, holding in his hands a stand of colours, decorated with the *scalp* of an *Indian*, and the flagstaff surmounted by the head of a *hound*, instead of the *eagle* or the *cap of liberty*, is supposed to *perpetrate this* speech :—

"Fellow-citizens and soldiers !! In presenting this standard to the 1st Regiment of Bloodhounds, I congratulate

you on your promotion from the base and inglorious pursuit of *animals*, in an uncivilized region like *Cuba*, to the noble task of hunting *men* in our CHRISTIAN country! Our administration has been reproached for the expense of the Florida war, so we have determined now to prosecute it in a way that's DOG CHEAP! Hence, in your *huge paws*! we put the charge of bringing it to a close. Be fleet of foot and keen of nose, or the Indians will escape in *spite* of your *teeth*. Dear Blair here shows you a map of Florida, the theatre of your future deeds. Look to him as the trumpeter of your fame, who will emblazon your acts as far as "*The Globe*" extends. He feels great interest in all his KITH and KIN, and will, therefore, transmit your heroism, in *doggrel* verse to the remotest posterity."

The "walking skeleton" of the *Globe*, kneeling before the *canine* regiment, and holding before them the map of Florida, *bow-wows* this address:—

"I take pleasure in pointing out to you, my *brethren-in-arms*, the seat of a war, the honour of terminating which, our master has put in the PAWS of OUR race. I have no doubt you will all prove like myself, good *collar-men* in the cause."

General Harrison fought and conquered the hostile Indians in the old-fashioned style, but it was reserved for General Van Buren to introduce the *quadrupedal* mode of warfare.—*Van Buren's Art of War*.

## WAR SONG OF THE BLOODHOUNDS.

TUNE—"All the blue bonnets."

Bow! wow! Tray, Blanche, and Tally-ho!

Why, ye dogs, why don't ye forward in order?  
Bow! wow! Ring-tail and Tally-ho!

*Four legs* against *two* on the Florida border.  
Towser don't wag your tail, Cato is on the trail,  
Cæsar is howling his signal for battle;  
Sport has his nose in trim, fleetness you know's in  
Jim.

Up with your tails, and make meat of the cattle!  
Bow! wow! &c.



Bow ! wow ! be of good muscle, dogs !

Are we not soldiers of Uncle Sam's army ?

Bow ! wow !—on to the tustle, dogs,

Up with your noses—the scent is quite balmy.

Take care of rattle snakes—'tis hard to battle snakes,

Legs, they have none, while we have got four on  
'em.

Prig up your noses, dogs—yell like old Moses' dogs,

We're cannon all over, and fit to make war on 'em.

Bow ! wow ! &c.

Bow ! wow ! Ponto, Quiz—all the dogs,

Up the wrong tree you long have been barking :

Bow ! wow ! Whistle and call the dogs,

Now is no time to be lounging and larking.

On to the Seminoles—a drama from Sherry Knowles

Soon will immortalize all who die tragically ;

Bark out your war-note, then—echo through  
swamp and glen,

We'll do the thing quickly, neatly, and magically.

Bow ! wow ! &c.

“CRY HAVOC, AND LET SLIP THE DOGS OF WAR.”—Havoc, indeed, but not to the enemy. Havoc only to the Treasury—*poor as it is*. Look at the bill of particulars for the importation of the Florida Bloodhounds, which we quote from the Newark Daily :

<i>The Territory of Florida to R. Fitzpatrick,</i>	<i>Dr.</i>
Jan. 1840—For 33 Bloodhounds, purchased in	
Cuba, - - - - -	\$2,733 00
Expenses at Matamoras and Key West, including port charges and quarantine dues ; volante hire to go to the south side of Cuba ; and expenses at Madroga ; transportation of the dogs to Matanzas ; provisions for the dogs at Matanzas and Key West ; carpenters' bill for making dog houses ; lumber, old canvass, &c.	503 99
Charter of the sloop Marshall, for the voyage to Matanzas and back to St. Marks, - - -	600 00



# 118 THE HARRISON MEDAL MINSTREL.

This sum, advanced to the 5 Spaniards who accompany the dogs, as per accounts herewith,	136 63
Passports for those 5 Spaniards, - - -	26 25
Paid for 87 lbs. fresh beef, in Tallahassee, for dogs, - - - - -	6 96
My compensation, - - - - -	1,000 00
	<hr/>
	5,006 83
Cr.—By this sum, received from the Union Bank, by order of Gov. Call, - - - - -	5,000 00
	<hr/>
Balance, - - - - -	\$6 83
	<hr/>

Uncle Sam will find \$5,000 rather a heavy item for 33 dogs, which, after all the cost, have not caught a single Indian.



## TIP-TOP SONG ABOUT TIPPECANOE.

'Tis the tip of the fashion for brave hearts and true,  
To join in the shout for brave Tippecanoe ;  
The soldier, the farmer, the statesman, the friend,  
Who fought at the Thames, and who lives at North  
Bend ;

Who gathered his laurels where bravely they grew,  
Mid the slaughter and carnage of Tippecanoe.

Tippecanoe, Tippecanoe.

An honest old soldier is Tippecanoe.

No parasite he at the footstool of power,  
To flatter and fawn for the rule of an hour,  
All honour and manliness basely to smother,  
And avow it his glory to follow another ;  
Oh, no, for our hero is honest and true,  
And the tip-top of honour is Tippecanoe.

Tippecanoe, Tippecanoe,

The tip-top of honour is Tippecanoe.

Though the frosts of old age may have whitened  
 his brow,  
 Yet the light of his deeds round his temples will  
 glow ;

Like the sun on the mountain whose head in the sky  
 Receives the first snow on its summit so high,  
 But will show forth in majesty, beauty, and light,  
 When the valleys below are all shrouded in night—

Tippecanoe, Tippecanoe,  
 And thus stands the soldier bold, Tippecanoe.

Then join in the shout that so loud has gone forth  
 From the east and the west, from the south and the  
 north ;

From the prairies and lakes to the briny blue sea,  
 The shout of the mighty, the bold, and the free,  
 From the cold Granite State to warm generous Lou-  
 isiana they shout for brave Tippecanoe.

Tippecanoe, Tippecanoe,  
 The tip of all tips is brave Tippecanoe.



#### HURRAH FOR BRAVE TIPPECANOE.

TUNE—"Hurrah for the bonnets of blue."

'Tis good to be honest and wise,  
 To be generous and true ;  
 For peace and peace

When his soldiers he came to dismiss  
 And bid them a hero's adieu,  
 He said, "My brave boys, when you come to my hut,  
 There'll be a plate ever ready for you."

Hurrah, &c.

His youth in our service he spent,  
 With a head and a heart ever true;  
 In war and in peace with virtue increased,  
 Then vote for brave Tippecanoe.

Hurrah, &c.



*Marriage extraordinary—political honeymoon.*

# A LOVE LETTER.

AIR—"John Anderson, my Jo."

From Martin Van Buren to John C. Calhoun.

John C. Calhoun, my Jo.

But I know you're not a saint, John,  
None e'er have ca'd you so.  
My measures are your own, John,  
And were so long ago,  
Though other thoughts you've often shown,  
John C. Calhoun, my Jo.

The women are so bad, John,  
And kick up such a row  
That once they made us mad, John,  
But we are not so now.  
We now will dance together, John,  
On "light fantastic toe"—  
In spite of wind or weather, John,  
John C. Calhoun, my Jo.

If I should not succeed, John,  
Yet *you* need but be firm,  
For your best hopes will breed, John,  
For you another term,  
Tom Benton must go down, John,  
And upwards you must go—  
And yours may be a crown, John,



No, no, no, no ! then rise  
 For our forefathers' laws ;  
 March on, march on ! resolved to win  
 Our favourite hero's cause !

Will flattering tales of coming pleasures,  
 When plenteousness and peace shall reign,  
 And all be rich in glittering treasures,  
 The poor man's present wishes gain ?  
 Will 't stay the tide of desolation,  
 That sweeps so strongly o'er our land,  
 To gorge an office-holding band,  
 And rob the pockets of the nation ?  
 No, no, no, no ! then rise, &c.

Oh, freemen, up ! let widely flowing  
 Your banners to the breeze be thrown,  
 Your love of worth and valour showing ;  
 Your scorn for tyrant-knaves make known !  
 Shall men believe their voices telling  
 In siren tones, your ship of state  
 Is safe, when all around, dark fate  
 Frowns out in every wave that's swelling ?  
 no,



## THE FARMER OF TIPPECANOE.

TUNE—" *Oh saw ye the lass of the bonnie blue e'en.*"

Oh, saw ye the farmer of Tippecanoe,  
 The gallant old farmer of Tippecanoe,  
 With an arm that is strong, and a heart that is true,  
 The man of the *people* is Tippecanoe.

Away in the west, the fair river beside,  
 That waters North Bend in its beauty and pride,  
 And shows in its mirror the summer sky blue,  
 Oh, there dwells the farmer of 'Tippecanoe.

When the clear eastern sky in the morning's light  
 gleams,

And the hills of Ohio grow warm in its beams,  
 When the fresh springing grass is bent down by the  
 dew,

With his plough in the furrow stands Tippecanoe.

Hurrah for the farmer of Tippecanoe,  
 The honest old, &c.

And when far in the west the warm sun-light goes  
 down,

And the woods of Ohio look dusky and brown,  
 In his own quiet home, he the past will review,  
 And think of his comrades at 'Tippecanoe.

For warm are his feelings and strong is his mind,  
 To the suffering poor man he is ever kind,  
 With a hand that is open, a heart that is true,  
 The poor find a friend in Old Tippecanoe.

Hurrah for the farmer of Tippecanoe,

The honest old farmer of Tippecanoe,

With an arm that is strong, and a heart that is true  
 The choice of the *people* is 'Tippecanoe.

The people are rising throughout the broad west,  
 At the name of the man who had served them the  
 best,

In battle, in council, and everywhere true,  
 As the steel of his good sword, is Tippecanoe.  
 Ye farmers, arouse ! put your hands to the plough,  
 Your country is calling, and will ye fail now,  
 With one at your head who defeat never knew ?  
 Come join the brave army of Tippecanoe.

Hurrah ! for the farmer of Tippecanoe,  
 The honest old farmer of Tippecanoe,  
 With an arm that is strong, and a heart that is true,  
 The *people* will conquer with Tippecanoe.

Come, all who are honest and wish to be free,  
 From the bank of the river, the shore of the sea ;  
 As the leaves on the trees are his followers true,  
 And who would not follow Old Tippecanoe ?  
 Come, up with the Buckeye, the pride of the west,  
 Come, up with brave Harry, of leaders the best,  
 With 'Tyler, the statesman, who's honest and true,  
 And the battle is won by Old Tippecanoe.

Hurrah ! for the farmer of Tippecanoe,  
 The fearless old farmer of Tippecanoe,  
 With an arm that is strong, and a heart that is true,  
 Van Buren's *successor* is Tippecanoe.



### THE HARRISON BANNER.

TUNE—" *The star-spangled banner.* "

Arouse, sons of freedom, ye patriots arouse,  
 Come forth to the rescue and manfully tender,  
 On LIBERTY's altar, a patriot's vows  
 To her and your country's heroic defender.  
 Arouse and proclaim  
 His time honoured name,  
 And mingle with liberty *Harrison's* fame ;  
 And the *Harrison* banner in triumph shall wave  
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

When the minions of *Britain* invaded our land,  
 And led on their cohorts in ravage and plunder,  
 'Twas then that old Buckeye assumed the command,  
 And greeted the ears with *American* thunder.

He met the proud foe,

And returned blow for blow,

Till the lion of England in anguish crouched low,  
 And the American Eagle in triumph did wave  
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Bear witness his valour, famed Tippecanoe,

Let Fort Meigs re-echo the chivalrous story,

And Thames, from thy waters reflected, renew

What occurred on thy banks to his immortal glory,

The British retreat

From certain defeat,

The victory of freemen o'er slaves is complete,

And *Harrison's* banner in triumph doth wave

O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

The veteran chieftain, Republicans' choice,

Is called by the wise and the good of our nation,

To receive from the *people's* omnipotent voice,

The highest of honours, and earth's proudest station ;

Then freemen unite,

Prepare for the fight,

And Heaven will prosper the cause of the right,

And the *Harrison* banner in triumph shall wave,

O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.



#### THE HARRISON GATHERING.

TUNE—"Macgregor's Gathering."

The moon's on the lake and the mist's on the brae,

And our cause has a name that grows dearer each  
 day,

Then gather, gather, gather, for Tippecanoe !  
 Our signal for fight, when the long knife we drew,  
 Was heard at the dawn in our vengeful halloo,  
 When we fought and we conquered at 'Tippecanoe.  
 Our once happy mountains, our plains and our  
     bowers,  
 Our rulers have envied because they were ours :  
 But we'll ne'er give them up while we've 'Tippecanoe.  
 Though doomed to distress by those arrogant lords,  
 Whose will is more cruel than firebrands or swords,  
 We'll rout them and flout them with 'Tippecanoe !  
 Would they chase us to ruin and hunt us with beagles,  
 For that is their fashion, we'll let loose our eagles  
     That live in the cabin of 'Tippecanoe.  
 While there's leaf in the forest, or foam on the river,  
 His laurels despite them will flourish forever !  
 Then gather, gather, gather, for 'Tippecanoe !



### THE PEOPLE ARE COMING.

AIR—" *The star-spangled banner.*"

The *people* are coming—Van Buren is down,  
 Let a loud shout of triumph be heard in our town ;  
 Tom Benton is beaten and Amos is loo'd,  
 The "pip" and "blind staggers" have reached the  
     whole brood ;  
 Huzza, then, huzza ! mid the cannon's loud roar,  
 Let's *resolve* to be ruled by Van Buren no more.  
 The *people* are coming—oh, Matty, beware,  
 The *people* are coming—oh, Amos, take care !  
 Tom Benton and *Fanny* and Silas Wright, too,  
 The *people* are coming to take care of you :  
 Huzza, then, huzza ! from the lakes to sea shore,  
 Let's *resolve* to be ruled by the Locos no more.  
 OLD HONESTY's coming your whole crew to rout,  
 The *people* have called him to help turn you out,



He's one of the people—he's *honest* and *true*,  
Whig, Loco, or Neutral can't say that of *you*.  
Huzza, then, huzza!—to the rescue once more,  
Such scampering of Locos was ne'er seen before.

OLD HONESTY'S coming to take the command  
Of the ship *Constitution*, and bring her to land;  
The whole Kitchen Cabinet will be set ashore,  
And Matty and Kendall be heard of no more.  
Huzza, then, huzza! once more let us cheer;  
With such a commander we've nothing to fear.



## TIPPECANOE.

A PARODY ON HOHENLINDEN.

On Wabash, when the sun withdrew,  
And chill November's tempest blew,  
Dark rolled thy waves, Tippecanoe,  
Amidst that lonely solitude.

Where all was silence, save the howl  
Of wintry blast or boding owl,  
Or savage yell, as they would prowl  
In that unbroken wilderness.

But Wabash saw another sight;  
A martial host in armour bright,  
Encamped upon the shore that night,  
And lighted up her scenery!

A favoured spot that chieftain chose,  
For weary soldiers to repose,  
But not to sleep, least wily foes  
Should creep upon them stealthily.

But ere the rays of morning light  
Dispell'd the shades of ebon night,  
The silent arrow sped the flight  
Of death, to every sentinel.



Then rang the shores with savage yell :  
 Then echoed every hill and dell,  
 And furious as the fiends of hell  
 Rushed forth the savage enemy.

To arms they flew, and quick arrayed,  
 Each warrior drew his battle blade,  
 While clamorous drum and trumpet brayed,  
 To wake the dreadful revelry.

Come on, their chieftain cried, ye brave,  
 We fight for victory or a grave !  
 Wave, Freedom ! thy proud banners wave !  
 And charge with all thy chivalry !

Then shook the earth with cannons' roar ;  
 Then freemen rolled in freemen's gore ;  
 While hungry havoc cried for more,  
 And waved his plume o'er massacre.

Brave Owens there and Daveiss fell,  
 The war-whoop was their funeral knell,  
 They need no monument to tell  
 Their unexampled bravery.

'Tis morn ! the dreadful strife is done,  
 Hail to the gallant HARRISON !  
 Who OFTEN fought and EVER won  
 The glorious wreath of VICTORY.



#### THE FIRST GUN.

“Coming events cast their shadows before.”

AIR—“*Star-spangled banner.*”

The annual election for charter officers in the city of PITTSBURG, took place on Monday, 13th Jan., and the result is a *clear sweep* for HARRISON ! Democratic Harrison majority, 726 !

Oh ! who does not see, in this heart-cheering ray  
 That pierces the heart of malign domination,

A *sign* that foretells with precision the day  
 When Columbia shall rise from her low degradation—

When the spoil-hunting race shall be foiled in the  
 chase,

The Kinderhook Quack hide his head in disgrace,  
 And the starry Whig banner triumphantly wave  
 “O’er the land of the free, and the home of the  
 brave.”

O’er the city of PITT, mid the eagle’s own hills,  
 Where many a patriot-bosom is burning,  
 What is that which gives Tories such horrible chills,  
 And to which all Whig eyes are in “fine frenzy”  
 turning?

Say, what is that sight, which fills VAN with affright,  
 And makes all his vassals the nether lip bite?

’Tis the HARRISON BANNER!—And soon  
 ’twill be waved

O’er a *whole state redeemed!* o’er a GREAT NA-  
 TION SAVED!

All hail the proud *Key Stone!*—she fired the first  
 gun

For the old “DECLARATION,” blood-sealed  
 by the martyr;

And now she is first to declare for THE SON

OF THE SIRE, *whose own hand signed that dear  
 cherished charter.*

Her first gun has roar’d for the hero whose sword  
 Sprang quick from the scabbard, and ne’er was re-  
 stored [yield,

’Till victory smiled!—For though brave men oft  
*He* never surrendered—*He* ne’er lost a field.

Let the *Swartwouts* and *Prices* who, year after  
 year, [treasure,  
 Have fed on “the spoils” and waxed rich on our

At Harrison's "poverty" throw out the sneer,  
 And heap on the veteran abuse without measure :  
 The wretch that defames, does but strengthen the  
     claims  
 Of the hero of Tippecanoe and the Thames,  
 And freshen the laurels, *which none sought to*  
*bruise,*  
*Till 'twas found that their GREENNESS gave*  
*Martin the BLUES !*

When asked "Who is Harrison?"—thus can we  
 boast :—

"He is one of the *glorious signers'* descendants,"  
 The son of a man who pledged all he loved most,—  
 "*Life, fortune, and honour*" for prized INDEPENDENCE !

In WASHINGTON'S breast a warm place he possessed—

With JEFFERSON'S,—MADISON'S love he was  
 blessed—

Let *Proctor*, and others, who felt his tight grip,  
 Tell the rest of the tale of our gallant OLD TIP.

May the ship that gets *snagged* ever find—what  
 she'll need,

A "*petticoat*" ample to plug up the cranny ;—  
 And ay may these states, when in pain to be freed  
 From a *monster that gnaws* find a competent  
 "*granny,*"

A practical hand, from that *obstetric* band,  
 To which "*granny*" WAYNE winked the word  
 of command,

And put both the *red-skins* and *red-coats* "to bed,"  
 With a gunpowder sweat and a bolus of lead !

The "log cabin candidate,"—"poor," we allow,  
 But HONEST, and skilled in the *farmer's* vocation,

Has put his hard fist to the *national plough*,  
 And will root out the *Upas* that curses the nation!  
 Let every true friend of his country extend  
 His aid to the ploughman and sage of North Bend,  
 And this be our shout, as the ball proudly rolls,  
 "On, *patriots*, ON!"—TO THE POLLS!—TO  
 THE POLLS!



# RESTORATION OF PROSPERITY.

TUNE—"Rosin the bow."

Come, all ye brave boys of the nation,  
 Who stick to your country so true;  
 Come give us a warm approbation,  
 And vote for Old *Tippecanoe*.

Of the little *Magician* we're tired,  
 And of the *Sub-treasury* too;  
 We'll scout him, the *people* are fired  
 With love for Old *Tippecanoe*.

When Martin was housed like a chattel,  
*Opposed to the war* as you know,  
 Our hero was foremost in battle,  
 And conquered at *Tippecanoe*.

The fame of our Hero grows wider,  
 And spreads the whole continent through;  
 Then fill up a mug of hard cider,  
 And drink to Old *Tippecanoe*.

The soldier who shared in the glory,  
 Can tell what our Hero did do;  
 Of the Thames, a beautiful story,  
 Still better of *Tippecanoe*.

We hear many thousand good *farmers*,  
 United together so true,

Shout loudly, "*Van Buren will harm us,*  
We'll vote for Old Tippecanoe."

To bring down the price of our labour,  
Van Buren is striving to do ;  
Then come every man with his neighbour,  
And vote for Old Tippecanoe.

The kitchen of *filth* must be cleansed,  
And every thing fitted anew ;  
And all the materials amended,  
Directed by Tippecanoe.

And now in the month of November,  
The *people* together will go,  
To turn out the great *money spender*,  
And put in Old *Tippecanoe*.

The *people* with *plenty* will prosper,  
And homewards Van Buren will go  
True principles then we will foster,  
Through *President Tippecanoe*.



"None but the BRAVE deserve the FAIR."

"Heaven's last, *best* gift to man," will always honour the  
gallant defenders of our homes and firesides.

#### A SONG,

Written for the Anniversary of our National Independence,  
1840,

BY A LADY.

TUNE—"Star-spangled banner."

Oh, hark ! can ye tell, through the cannon's loud  
roar,

On this hallowed morning—this birth-day of glory,  
What names thro' the din do the breezes waft o'er,  
What patriot or statesman's the theme of the story.



Now it falls on the ear in accents most clear—  
 'Tis *Harrison—Tyler*—to freemen so dear ;  
 'Tis the “ Log Cabin ” Hero, now destined to save  
 From foulest misrule this fair “ home of the brave.”

From our cold northern lakes, to our bright southern  
 skies—

Through the breadth of our land, we resolve to  
 recover

Our once boasted liberty—dearly bought prize !—

And having regained it—watch faithfully over.  
 Then shout with one voice, let the nation rejoice—  
 'That Tippecanoe is the *people's* free choice—  
 The *Republican Hero*, now called on to save  
 From fraud and corruption, this “ home of the brave.”

And when *Virtue* and *Truth* shall again hold their  
 sway

In our Councils of State, whence, alas ! they've  
 been driven,

Our hearts will exultingly welcome this day—

The wonder of nations—the favoured of heaven !  
 Then act with one soul, as ye march to the poll,  
 And your names for the *chieftain* and *farmer* enroll,  
 And the flag of our *freedom* unsullied shall wave  
 O'er the homes of our fair ones—who honour the  
 brave.



### THE HERO OF THE THAMES.

TUNE—“ *The poachers.* ”

Let Loco-focos rail and rant

At currency and banks ;

We're sick of all their empty cant,

We spurn them from our ranks.

We do not mind their silly talk,

Nor heed their idle claims ;

We'll make the whole banditti walk,  
 With our Hero of the Thames.  
     The Hero of the Thames, my boys,  
     The Hero of the Thames!

When British foes assailed our land,  
 And hovered on our coast,  
 Pray where did little Matty stand?  
     Why, snug behind—a post!  
 A post and place were all his thought,  
     (At the spoils alone he aims,)  
 While Harrison our battles fought,  
 And conquered on the Thames!  
     The Hero of the Thames, my boys,  
     The Hero of the Thames!

In vain the red coats sought to win  
 A foothold on our soil;  
 He met and drove them back again,  
 And saved our homes from spoil.  
 Their savage allies dared no more  
 To light their midnight flames;  
 Oh, they heard the deep-mouthed cannon roar  
 Upon the river Thames.  
     Upon the river Thames, my boys,  
     Upon the river Thames!

Not there alone did Victory fling  
 Her standard to the sky!  
 The Prophet's town, the bard may sing,  
 Which saw the red coat fly.  
 Though if Maumee her laurels shed,  
 Fort Meigs her trophy claims,  
 Where many a gallant soldier bled  
 With the Hero of the Thames!  
     The Hero of the Thames, my boys,  
     The Hero of the Thames!

When Peace displayed her flag of white,  
 And hushed the bloody strife,  
 Who then, victorious from the fight,  
 Withdrew to humble life?  
 No lust of power, no love of gold,  
 No selfish, sordid aims,  
 Could ever for a moment hold  
 The Hero of the Thames!  
 The Hero of the Thames, my boys,  
 The Hero of the Thames!

And there he stood behind his plough,  
 And drove his "team a-field,"  
 Content with *rural* honours now,  
 And what his farm might yield.  
 The Buckeye falls beneath his hand,  
 His skill the soil reclaims;  
 He lives the tiller of the land,  
 Though Hero of the Thames!  
 The Hero of the Thames, my boys,  
 The Hero of the Thames!

But hark! our bleeding country cries  
 For vengeance and *reform*;  
 The *Patriot Farmer* greets our eyes,  
 And every heart grows warm;  
 Our candidate he hears the call—  
 "I'm ready!" he exclaims,  
 Then speed him! hail him, *one* and *all*!  
 The Hero of the Thames!  
 The Hero of the Thames, my boys,  
 The Hero of the Thames!

Then let us hang our banners out,  
 And spread them to the breeze;  
 The *spoilers* we will put to rout,  
 And do it, too, with ease;

Then let us all like brothers be,  
 And "UNIONISTS" our names !  
 Huzza, huzza ! for victory,  
 With the Hero of the Thames !  
 The Hero of the Thames, my boys,  
 The Hero of the Thames !



## LOST HOPES.

TUNE—" *The last rose of summer.*"

'Tis the last Loco-foco  
 Left weeping alone ;  
 All his loafer companions  
 Are vanished and gone.

No old friend is near him,  
 No Conservative nigh,  
 To muse on his sorrows,  
 Or give sigh for sigh.

We must leave thee, thou lone one,  
 In Tammany Hall,  
 Till Moore and Cambreling  
 The people recall.

Soon Martin will follow  
 His friendship's decay ;  
 From the White House departing,  
 His hopes pass away.

Since the party is withered,  
 Its leaders all gone,  
 Oh, who would inhabit  
 Saint Tammany alone ?

## HARK TO THE WARNING.

TUNE—"The hunter's chorus."

All praise to the Hero, the Statesman, and Farmer,  
 As threefold his title be threefold his fame ;  
 The strong arm is stronger, the warm heart is warmer,  
 When touched by the magic of HARRISON'S name.

Hark ! to the warning—a nation has spoken—  
 It rolls from the mountain—it springs from the  
 plain :

"Down with the spoilers, their trust they have broken,  
 And up with the standard of Freedom again !"

He calls on the wealthy whose store he protected,  
 The poor man whose pittance he laboured to save ;  
 The patriot, who frowns not on merit neglected,  
 The soldier, who honours the noble and brave !

Hark ! to the warning, &c.

By the toils and the dangers that sadden his story,  
 By the blood that he poured with the blood of the  
 foe ;

By the homes that he fought for, his triumphs, his  
 glory,

He calls us to aid him, to strike the last blow !

Hark ! to the warning, &c.

Then up at his call—speed the plough my good  
 neighbours,

To the fields so long barren, all eagerly come ;  
 Soon autumn shall yield the reward of our labours,  
 And the land shall be glad with its new harvest  
 home.

Hark ! to the warning, &c.

Then shout to the hero, and forth swell the chorus,  
 More loud than the war-whoop that died at his  
 voice ;



Till the agents of ruin fly trembling before us,  
And the country redeemed, at their downfall re-  
joice !

Hark ! to the warning, &c.



### THE PATRIOT CHIEF.

TUNE—" *Hail to the Chief.*"

Hail to the chief wreathed in victory's chaplet !  
Hail him who triumphed in battle's fell din !  
Now to the rescue advances the patriot,  
Called from his plough civic garlands to win.  
Our land aroused at length,  
Puts forth her giant strength ;  
Liberty's altars are rousing their flames ;  
*Spoilsmen and collar-men,*  
Cowering now tremble when  
They think of the Tippecanoe and the Thames.  
Columbia is bowed by the yoke of the tyrant,  
That scattered her wealth and her fame to the wind ;  
She loathes and condemns every pampered aspirant,  
Who pilfers her gold, his own fortunes to mend.  
Up then your banner rear,  
High in the heaven's free air ;  
Its folds are blazoned with patriot names.  
Let no base traitor's fame,  
Bring its bright stars to shame,  
The banner of Tippecanoe and the Thames.  
Long have we paused for some wholesome reaction,  
Listing the siren that sung of reform ;  
Till the doom will be sealed of our country's destruc-  
tion,  
Unless we arouse and redeem her by storm.  
Let's all the traitors spurn,  
Let every bosom burn,

Love for his country each patriot inflames ;  
 Then send the war cry round,  
 Till echo swells the sound,  
 "The hero of Tippecanoe and the Thames."  
 Come to the rescue, ye sons of the heroes,  
 Who bared their breasts in our country's first  
 wars ;  
 Curse not the bosoms in which their rich blood flows,  
 Shame not their gift of the stripes and the stars ;  
 Swear that their legacy,  
 Shall float ever free,  
 Long as their offspring shall bear their proud  
 names,  
 And stand by the veteran,  
 Time-honoured HARRISON,  
 The hero of Tippecanoe and the Thames.

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### SONG OF THE WHIG.

TUNE—"Remember the day when Erin's proud glory."  
 Remember the day when our banner unfurled,  
 Like a sun-burst of glory, first flashed to the world ;  
 When the spirits of Washington, Jefferson, breathed,  
 And the blades of the patriot band were unsheathed ;  
 A WHIG was the cry  
 That went up to the sky !  
 Oh ! yet may that name, like a billow of flame  
 Roll onward, till tyranny's form  
 Lies prostrate and cold, as it weltered of old,  
 When freedom directed the storm.  
 Ye Whigs ! shall those spirits still breathe on us now,  
 And nerve every heart and illumine every brow ?  
 Shall the memory of those in our bright land expire,  
 And tyranny scatter its patriot fire ?  
 While Ohio's own star  
 Waves on from afar—

While the glory of HARRISON, SHELBY, and CLAY,  
 Like rainbows of victory shine—  
 We will hallow each name, we will cherish their fame,  
 And gather round Liberty's shrine!  
 We have sworn it when traitors were forging our  
 chains,  
 'Tis a cause rendered holy by patriot veins;  
 The oath is recorded by bright hands above—  
 'Tis enshrined in each freeman's unchangeable love;  
 And "A WHIG" is the cry!  
 Let it ring to the sky—  
 While we march for our fires and the graves of our  
 sires  
 O'er a land by their ancestors trod—  
 With our banner unrolled, each heart free and bold—  
 Reliance on JUSTICE and GOD!

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 TO THE STRAITS THAT FEED LAKE ERIE.

TUNE—"Long time ago."

To the straits that feed Lake Erie,  
 Long time ago!  
 Came a band of hunters weary,  
 From down below.  
 There they built themselves "log cabins,"  
 Mid ice and snow,  
 Where they lived content as rabbins,  
 Long time ago!  
 Fortune smiled upon their labour,  
 Long time ago!  
 Till red war, with deadly sabre,  
 Laid their hopes low.  
 Then a *traitor*\* did deceive them,  
 With martial show,

\* Gen. Hull, who basely surrendered to the British at Detroit.

Saying that he would relieve them,  
Long time ago !

To the enemy he sold them,  
Long time ago !

'Twas heart-rending to behold them,  
Then in their woe !

Mothers saw their daughters flying  
From ruthless foe ;

Sisters saw their brothers dying,  
Long time ago !

Savages with hideous yellings,  
Long time ago !

Danced around their blazing dwellings  
In the flame's glow !

Misery seemed still to lend them  
New griefs, when lo !

HARRISON came to defend them,  
Long time ago !

Then rose the shouts of gladness,  
Long time ago !

Smiles succeeded sighs and sadness—  
Tears ceased to flow !

Soon the tyrant's legions vanished,  
Like summer snow !

And the mother's tears were banished,  
Long time ago !

Will *they* whom *he* thus defended,  
Long time ago !

Leave the hero now unfriended ?  
Oh, no, not so.

Gratefully their word is tendered,  
Next fall to show,

*They* forget not service rendered  
Long time ago !

## OUR OWN HARRISON.

TUNE—"The star-spangled banner."

Oh, say, who is he, through the forest so dark,  
 With his warrior legions advancing to battle?  
 Where the yell of the savage re-echoes—and hark!  
 Where the death dealing strokes of their rifle  
 balls rattle,

What is it they fear?—'tis his name that they hear,  
 With the cry of revenge for the blood of the dear;  
 'Tis the name of our HARRISON—long will it flame  
 In letters of light on the banner of Fame!

How piercing the shriek, uttered thrillingly wild,  
 From the heart of the mother, in agony swelling,  
 As she mourns the sad fate of her innocent child

Torn from her, while blazens her desolate dwelling!  
 Who soothes her alarms, and her wretchedness calms,  
 And restores, gayly smiling, her babe to her arms?  
 Oh, say, 'tis our HARRISON—long will his name  
 Float in letters of light on the banner of Fame!

Rouse! rouse! to the battle! remember your sires;  
 Their fame is immortal, and how they have gained  
 it?

They fought for their rights, and their own house-  
 hold fires,

And the blood of a fallen foe never has stained it.  
 Let our enemies feel, at our charge as they reel,  
 That the vanquished are safe from American steel!  
 Who spake thus? Our HARRISON—long may his  
 name

Float in letters of light on the banner of Fame!

The war-cry is hushed, and the struggle is o'er;  
 No longer in strife are the bayonets gleaming;  
 For gallantly far on the sea and the shore,  
 Is the star-spangled banner in victory streaming;



And changes he now, the sharp sword for the plough,  
 But *green* still the *laurel* that circles his brow !  
 Then huzza ! 'tis our HARRISON—long will his  
     name  
 Float in letters of light on the banner of fame !



### KNOW YE THE LAND ?

TUNE—" *Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle ?* "

Know ye the land where *defaulting* and *thieving*

By Swartwouts in office are done every day ;  
 Where party men vie in the art of deceiving

And then cap the climax by *running away* ?

Know ye the land of the vault and the key,

Where the vault is unclosed and money left free  
 To be pilfered and spent through the vigilant care  
 Of collectors and agents whom *party* put there ?

Where *reform* is a by-word, retrenchment a dream,  
 Corruption the practice and *plunder* the scheme ;

Where a kitchen cabal or a caucus in drill,

Dares proclaim its own voice as a *free people's* will ?

Know ye the land where *Sub-Treasurers* riot

Like an army of rats when the cat is away,  
 Where the cash of the *people* is *stolen* in quiet,  
 And nothing is left but to whistle for pay ?

'Tis the land of our fathers, 'tis America's soil,

Where liberty's price was blood, treasures, and toil ;

'Tis the land that was freed and by *Washington*  
     won,

Where deeds so *disgraceful* are openly done.

Let a *people* oppressed arise in their might,

Avenge their own wrongs and contend for the right ;

Dispell the deep gloom overspreading the land,

With boldness of heart and with vigour of hand !

## COME TO THE CONTEST.

TUNE—" *The old oaken bucket.*"

Come on to the contest—the call is loud ringing;  
 Each son of the Key Stone, the call is to you;  
 The foe all his forces to action is bringing,  
 The battle-field soon will arise to your view.  
 Then say, "are you ready," and wait to receive it,  
 The shock which the freeman must shortly repel;  
 Right onward! your aid! every *true* son will give it,  
 And vote for the Farmer that's worked the farm  
 well!

The hard-fisted Farmer,  
 The honest old Farmer!

We go for the Farmer that's worked the farm  
 well!

We want no new workmen—no experimenting  
 On the blood-hallowed spot where our forefathers  
 fought;

We'll keep the old path, and there'll be no repenting,  
 And we'll ever remember good lessons when  
 taught.

Then away in your pride, for the Farmer presiding,  
 Let the note of approval in loud concert swell,  
 And his foes may in vain still persist in deriding,  
 We'll vote for the Farmer that's worked the farm  
 well!

The hard-fisted Farmer,  
 The honest old Farmer!

We go for the Farmer that's worked the farm  
 well!

Van Buren and Kendall in vain with their legions  
 Would vanquish the free in the land of their birth,  
 And they'll hear in loud thunder that these are the  
 regions

Where no tribute is paid save the tribute to worth!  
 That tribute is due, and we're going to pay it,  
 And soon shall they hear the glad triumph-tone  
 swell!

On the ninth of October, we'll no longer delay it,  
 But vote for the Farmer that's worked the farm  
 well!

The hard-fisted Farmer,  
 The honest old Farmer!

We'll vote for the Farmer that's worked the farm  
 well!



### OUR HERO FARMER.

TUNE—"Yankee doodle."

The Hero Farmer is the man  
 The Buckeye boys delight in ;  
 He'll renovate our state affairs,  
 And be the man for fighting.  
 Hero Farmer, boys hurrah,  
 Log cabins and hard cider ;  
 We'll sing and vote for HARRISON,  
 And make our circle wider.

Van calls him Granny Petticoats,  
 We do not care for this, sir ;  
 He'll rid the nation of its rogues,  
 A granny, then, he is, sir.  
 Hero Farmer, &c.

Let Matty come with all his host,  
 And office-holding crew, sir ;  
 We'll march up to the ballot-box,  
 And show that we are true, sir.  
 Hero Farmer, &c.

We'll wager now a cider cup,  
 And bring it on the table,  
 Since Yankee boys have started up,  
 To beat them we are able.

Hero Farmer, &c.

Columbia's *freedom* is assailed ;  
 The *people* still are brothers ;  
 The government has nearly failed,  
 It *must be* worked by others.

Hero Farmer, &c.



### THE BRAVE OLD CHIEF.

AIR—" *The brave old oak.*"

A song to the Chief, the brave old Chief,  
 Who hath ruled in our hearts so long,  
 Here's fame and renown to his laurel crown,  
 That binds our affections strong ;  
 There was strength in his blow, many years ago,  
 And honour has long been his due,  
 For he showed his might in the deep midnight,  
 On the field of old Tippecanoe !

Then sing to the Chief, the brave old Chief,  
 Who fires every heart anew,  
 And honoured be he, by the brave and free,  
 Who conquered at Tippecanoe !

He ruled these fair climes, in the fearful times,  
 When the Indian's fiendish howl,  
 Was heard in the wood, where the log cabin stood,  
 Exposed to his nightly prow ;  
 On him we relied, our hope and our pride,  
 And we banished our needless fear ;  
 Then hail him with cheers, for hundreds of years,  
 The Chief to our bosoms dear.

Then sing to the Chief, &c.

The brave old Chief, who brought us relief,  
 In the time of our sorest need,  
 Exalt we his name, to the summit of fame,  
 For glory's his well-earned meed ;  
 If the people inquire, for the Kinderhook Squire,  
 And the fate of his Tory clan,  
 We'll reply they are dead, in their sour-kroust laid,  
 To make room for a much better man.  
 Then sing to the Chief, &c.

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 [HARRISON AND LIBERTY.

TUNE—"Yankee doodle."

For HARRISON and *Liberty*  
 Let every Freeman shout, sirs ;  
 Let's meet Van Buren at the polls,  
 And turn the *Despot* out, sirs !  
 For HARRISON then keep it up,  
 For HARRISON and *Law*, sirs ;  
 Too long we have to *despots* bowed,  
 Now *Freedom's* sword we draw, sirs  
 When war's destructive blast came on,  
 Oh, where was HARRISON, sirs ?  
 His country's *annals* well can show  
 How he the battles won, sirs.

For HARRISON, &c.

No more we'll trust to cabbage heads,  
 Or Kinderhook physicians ;  
 No more we'll bow to cabinets  
 Of fox-like sly magicians.

For HARRISON, &c.

We call the Hero from the plough,  
 In *Freedom's* cause to cheer us ;  
 The kitchen cabinet must go,  
 And Van himself must fear us.

For HARRISON, &c.



We strike in *Freedom's* holy cause,  
 'Gainst those who would enslave us;  
 And lo! our *Cincinnatus* comes,  
 From Goth and Van to save us.  
 For HARRISON, &c.



# THE AMERICAN FLAG AND HARRISON.

TUNE—"Sparkling and bright."

See in the light of glory bright,  
 Each star and stripe proudly beaming,  
 Our flag once more unfurled to the war,  
 To the breeze of reform now streaming.

Your goblets fill with a free good will,  
 To the Chief renowned in story,  
 Pledge your faith to him on the beaker's brim,  
 To speed him onward to glory.

Oh! that he might arrest the blight  
 Destroying our dominions,  
 Yet first awhile he must beguile  
 The spoiler of his minions.

Your goblets fill, &c.

Our hero bright will stop the wight,  
 And all his friends shall leave him,  
 And every one, for our HARRISON,  
 With loud huzzas shall grieve him.

Your goblets fill, &c.

When high in state, we'll place elate,  
 By his side our flag unwaved;  
 Loud be our cheers, when the hero for years  
 Plants that flag o'er a *union saved*.

Your goblets fill, &c.

## THE LOUNGER'S LAMENT.

TUNE—" *The Exile of Erin.*"

There stood by the polls a poor heart-broken loungee,  
 No hope fired his eye, for his bosom was chill,  
 Bewailing the fate of his party in danger,  
 He thought of the days when it stood on a *Hill*.  
 His wild heaving breast and his heart's sad emotion  
 Were all that the loungee had left for his portion  
 Of glory and spoils, to repay his devotion,  
 And a few Extra Globes from his patron saint,  
 Blair.

Sad, sad is the day, cried the office-lorn loungee,  
 Oh, once to the custom-house always I'd flee;  
 And there seek a refuge in *Jesse's* own manger,  
 For spouters and editors, hungry like me;  
 Oh, never again in the Treasury bowers,  
 Long kept by the leaders shall I loaf off the hours,  
 For the Log Cabin boys have robbed Van of his  
 powers,  
 And he heeds not to-day the poor loungee's lament.

*Benton*, my darling, though sad and forsaken,  
 Dreaming of *mint drops*—I hear thy sad roar;  
 But alas, among hard-handed Whigs I awaken,  
 And mourn for the *Humbugs* that cheat them no  
 more.

Oh, merciless fate, wilt thou never return me  
 To my office of ease, where the feelings that burn me  
 Would be lost if the weighers that gathered to teach  
 me,  
 Should greet me again as they greeted before.

Where's the Sub-Treasury?—loved scheme of Van  
 Buren,—  
 Woodbury, and Polk—they weep for its fall;

And where is Buchanan, the sweet and alluring,  
 Who went for *hard* money, *hard* prices and all.  
 Oh, Johnson forsaken, before the full measure  
 Of woe had o'erflowed, in the cup of our pleasure,  
 Once sparkling with spoils, the victor's own treasure,  
 Kill Tecumseh again, and thy glory recall.

But oh, my old leaders, there's naught in suppressing,  
 The tears that my own saddened memory drew,  
 For the people they heed not your wiles and caress-  
 ing,

They've sworn their allegiance to another than  
 you ;

They're sweeping along like the waves of the ocean,  
 And voice after voice, with a grateful emotion,  
 Is joining the chorus of freemen's devotion,  
 And swelling the shout of Old Tippecanoe !



### THE BATTLE OF THE THAMES.

TUNE—" *The battle of the Nile.* "

Arise ! arise ! sons of the West, arise,  
 And join in the shout of the patriot throng ;  
 Arise ! arise ! sons of the West, arise,  
 And let Freedom's walls re-echo with your song.

For he will lead us on,

Who led us years ago,

When he trod a foreign soil,

Wreaking vengeance on the foe.

And the Battle of the Thames, as every tongue pro-  
 claims,

And the Battle of the Thames, as every tongue pro-  
 claims,

Shall ever live in history, in poetry and song.

Huzza ! huzza ! huzza ! huzza ! huzza, boys,

For him who fought for us, and never was known  
 to yield.

Arise ! arise ! sons of the West, arise,  
Your brethren of the East are arousing in their  
might ;

Arise ! arise ! sons of the West, arise,  
And be ready now to aid them in the fight ;  
For he will be our Chief,  
Who when danger was at hand,  
To the frontier brought relief,  
With his gallant western band:  
And the Battle of the Thames, &c.

Arise ! arise ! sons of the West, arise,  
Your liberties maintaining, your country now be-  
friend,

Arise ! arise ! sons of the West, arise,  
And gather round the Farmer of North Bend ;  
For he will bring us aid,  
Who was aide to gallant Wayne,  
When the Indian's yell was heard,  
From every hill and plain.  
And the Battle of the Thames, &c,



### GALLANT WILLIE.

TUNE—" *Royal Charlie.*"

There's news from all parts of the land,  
Will make the Vans look silly ;  
For every post that comes to hand  
Has news for gallant Willie.  
Come o'er the plain,  
In sun or in rain,  
Or if the road be hilly,  
Still come with speed,  
True to your creed,  
The creed of gallant Willie.  
Come o'er the plain,  
In sun or in rain

Be ready, be steady,  
 Come once and again,  
 From slavery's bonds our hands once freed,  
 We'll prosper under Willie.

The northern states, the mountain land,  
 O'er which the wind blows chilly,  
 Have long since boldly ta'en a stand,  
 Supporting gallant Willie.

Come o'er the plain, &c.

In the spreading West and on those streams  
 Where grows the southern lily,  
 Reform now through the darkness gleams,  
 And thousands call on Willie.

Come o'er the plain, &c.

There's ne'er a lass in all the land,  
 Unless she's very silly,  
 Will e'er refuse her heart or hand,  
 To him who fights for Willie.

Come o'er the plain, &c.



#### THE VICTORY OF TIPPECANOE.

TUNE—"Star-spangled banner."

No voice broke the silence—no breath stirred the air,  
 And the moon on the white tents shone wan as  
 with sorrow;

The worn soldier slept—but their chieftain stood  
 there,

And watched by his war-steed, and thought of the  
 morrow.

His soul-lighted eye was upraised to the sky—  
 "In the dread hour of battle, oh God, be Thou  
 nigh!

And teach us—to Thee and our country still  
 true—

To conquer or perish at Tippecanoe!"



But hark ! there's a footstep falls faint on the ear !

'Tis the sentinel's tread, for he only is waking ;  
Again ! Now a shot ! Ha ! the Indian is here !

“ Up ! up ! and to arms ! for the war-cloud is  
breaking ! ”

From ravine and dell, their night-startling yell  
Like the howling of fiends on the sleeper's ear fell.

“ Up ! up !—to your God and your country be  
true,

And conquer or perish at Tippecanoe ! ”

“ Up ! up ! and to arms ! ” At the Hero's command,  
Each stern brow was knit, and each bold heart  
was ready ;

Upstarting, their tried weapons grasped in each  
hand—

“ A volley ! Now charge, boys ! be ready ! be  
steady ! ”

Their chief, he was there, amid thunder and  
glare,

The fierce shout of triumph, the shriek of  
despair—

Undaunted—the foremost to dare and to do—

The bravest, the noblest at Tippecanoe !

They triumphed—how nobly, let history tell ;

Be honour to those who for freedom contended !

Let our shouts with the proud name of HARRISON  
swell,

Who our *liberty* shielded—our *country* defended !

The laurel and song to the Hero belong,

Who ne'er lost a battle, and ne'er did a wrong !

Then conquer for him who has conquered for you,

And huzza for the Hero of Tippecanoe !

## HAMPSHIRE HURRAH.

TUNE—" *The hurrah.* "

Old Hampshire's sons ! come one and all,  
Hurrah for HARRISON !

Come rich and poor ! come great and small,  
Hurrah for HARRISON !

To Martin now we'll bid farewell,  
And notes of freedom proudly swell,  
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah,  
Hurrah for HARRISON !

Rouse, freemen, rouse ! your fetters break,  
Hurrah for HARRISON !

The tyrant's power and glory shake,  
Hurrah for HARRISON !

"The fine true-hearted gentleman,"  
Shall take the place of *little* Van,  
And make us free—and make us free,  
Hurrah for HARRISON !

Now joyful sing ! now joyful sing !  
The dirge of little Van—

And peals on peals our country 'll ring,  
Ruled by an *honest* man.

While scenes of sorrow, care, and want,  
Poor Martin's day dreams long will haunt.  
He made *us* feel—we'll make *him* feel—  
Away with little Van !

Clap, clap your hands ! swell high your notes,  
Hurrah for HARRISON !

And trip up Martin with your votes,  
Hurrah for HARRISON !

Proud Van shall fall to rise no more—  
The country shouts from shore to shore,  
Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !  
Hurrah for HARRISON !

## THE PEOPLE'S RALLY.

TUNE—"The Campbells are coming."

Come up to the polls ! there is work to be done ;  
 Come up in your strength, and the battle is won.  
 With Old Tip for a leader, then enter the fight ;  
 The people are rising, resistless in might ;  
 Then hurrah, boys ! hurrah, boys ! the truth will  
       prevail ;

The custom-house slaves are beginning to quail ;  
 The elections have told them their race is near run :  
 Hurrah, boys ! hurrah, boys ! the battle is won !

Down, down with the rulers who've *ruined* the land,  
 Who have crushed all our hopes with a merciless  
       hand ;

The men who would make our loved country the  
       same

As serf-peopled Russia, or tyrannized Spain,  
 Who would rule our loved land with imperial sway,  
 And give for our labour but *sixpence per day*,—  
 VAN BUREN, BUCHANAN, and Benton, the knaves—  
 Such are but fit to be rulers of slaves.

Arouse, then, ye freemen, at Liberty's call !  
 Arouse, in your glory, and out with them all :  
 Already they falter—already they reel ;  
 The signs of defeat they're beginning to feel ;  
 One blow from your hands lays them low in the  
       dust,

Arise in your ardour, and conquer you must ;  
 Then be true to your country, to principle true,  
 And the victory's won with Old Tippecanoe !

## SONS OF FREEDOM, ARISE.

TUNE—"Anacreon."

The banner of *freedom* unfurl to the breeze,  
 From her slumber of safety Columbia awaken,  
 To triumph once more on the land and the seas,  
 Ne'er by their sons be the cause of our sires forsaken.

Sons of *freedom* arise!

Let your shouts reach the skies,  
 And resolve to maintain the *freedom* ye prize!  
 Then inscribed on our flag be HARRISON'S name,  
 While liberty, union, and law we proclaim.

Our trade, like a wreck, is "keel up" on the shore,  
 In the silence of death see our workshops reposing,  
 As the land of the free we glory no more,  
 While the *spoilsmen* their ruinous *frauds* are disclosing.

Our *freedom* they've sold,  
 To get silver and gold,  
 Our children in bondage and slavery to hold.  
 Then inscribed on our flag, &c.

Oh! say, ye brave sons of the far spreading west,  
 Where is he who first met the dread Indian's invasion?

His name both in *peace* and in *war* will be blessed,  
 While the stars still in friendship unite as a nation.

Then hold it not shame,  
 That he led you to fame,  
 When the *lion*, subdued, lay crouched on the Thames.

Then inscribed on our flag, &c.

Though content with his cot and few acres of ground,  
 And despising the wealth got by base speculation,

His heart true to glory will ever be found—  
He's himself, like the Roman, the gem of the nation.  
Give Old 'Tippecanoe  
The just fame that is due ;  
To honesty, valour, and worth we are true.  
Then inscribed on our flag, &c.



## SONG OF THE MASSILLON BOLTERS.

TUNE—"Bruce's Address."

Honest men, whom Van has led !  
Men, who sweat to earn your bread !  
Men, who've either heart or head !

Join us and be free.

Now's the evening, now's the hour ;  
See misrule reign, and ruin lower ;  
See the *gross abuse* of power ;  
Where's democracy ?

Dwells it with the *purse* and *sword* ?  
Goes it with the pensioned horde,  
Whose hands unclean, their coffers stored,  
By official villany ?  
Will ye to a juggler bow ?  
Can ye be a Vanite now ?  
Will ye not record your vow,  
On this pledge with me ?

Out on monarch *Martin's* laws,  
Sub-Treasury and *specie claws* ;  
For Price's fob, or Swartwout's paws,  
Such wholesome code may be.  
By the spoilsmen's thirst for gold ;  
By the many suits untold ;  
By the reckless rule they hold ;  
Another year shall see,



The demagogues and spoilers bow,  
 The scampering off of freedom's foe,  
 As freemen to the polls will go,

To vote for HARRISON.

By the shade of JEFFERSON!

By the name of WASHINGTON!

We'll cast our votes for HARRISON!

And rout Vanocracy!



### THE POPULAR AVALANCHE.

TUNE—"Little wat ye wha's a coming."

Little wat ye wha's a coming,  
 Little wat ye wha's a coming,  
 Little wat ye wha's a coming,  
 North, South, East, and West are coming!

Vermont's coming, the Bay State's coming,  
 Rhode Island—yes, and Maine is coming,  
 Connecticut is surely coming,  
 The Empire State and a' are coming,  
 Little wat ye, &c.

The Key Stone state is bravely coming,  
 The Marylanders all are coming,  
 The boys of Delaware are coming,  
 And never tired Virginia's coming!  
 Little wat ye, &c.

Old Rip's awake, and he is coming,  
 Georgia for her right is coming,  
 The Alabamians fast are coming,  
 And Louisiana a' is coming!  
 Little wat ye, &c.

Mississippi, too, is coming,  
 Tennessee and White are coming,

Kentucky all en masse is coming,  
Ohio ! every man is coming.

Little wat ye, &c.

Illinois is quickly coming,  
Indiana, too, is coming,  
Michigan, redeemed, is coming,  
In troth, the braw lads a' are coming !

Little wat ye, &c.



### THE TIPPECANOE GATHERING.

TUNE—" *McGregor's gathering.* "

The land is awaking, and free to the blast,  
The standard of Freedom is fearlessly cast,  
For the rights that we all from our forefathers drew  
We fight, and our leader is Tippecanoe.

Then halloo ! halloo ! halloo ! to the contest !—  
The spirit that kindled our fathers of yore  
Is throwing its light o'er the country once more.

Then gather ! gather ! gather ! gather ! gather !  
gather !—

While a mountain shall stand, or while sparkles a  
river,

The cause of the people shall flourish forever.

The land is awaking, and vanishing night  
Flies away from the east at the dawning of light,  
The beams of Connecticut gladden the eye,  
The star of Rhode Island is bright in the sky.

Then halloo ! halloo ! halloo ! to the contest !—  
The people are rising, resistless in strength,  
And the cause of the people will triumph at length.

Then gather ! gather ! gather ! gather ! gather !  
gather !—

While a mountain, &c.

Virginia rises at Liberty's call—  
 One blow from her arm, and the Despot must fall.  
 Her sons are our leaders. She falters not now,  
 And the chaplet of Victory circles her brow.

Then halloo! halloo! halloo! to the contest!—  
 From the shades of Mount Vernon the people's loud  
 voice,

Calls every true man of the land to rejoice.

Then gather! gather! gather! gather! gather!  
 gather!—

While Virginia has either mountain or river,  
 The cause of our country shall flourish forever.

The land is awaking—our rulers in fear  
 See plainly their time of departure is near;  
 There is grief in the White House, and many an  
 eye

Is watching in tears the political sky.

Then halloo! halloo to the contest!—  
 And many a pampered political beagle  
 Crouches down at the sight of the HARRISON eagle.

Then gather! gather! gather! gather! gather!  
 gather!—

While a mountain shall stand, or while sparkles a  
 river,

That eagle, despite them, shall flourish forever.



### THE ENGLISH CHARIOT.

TUNE—"Allan-a-dale."

Tippecanoe has no chariot to ride in,  
 No palace of marble has he to reside in,  
 No bags of gold eagles, no lots of fine clothes—  
 But *he* has a wealth *far better* than those;  
 The love of a nation, free, happy, and true,  
 Are the riches and portion of Tippecanoe.

Proud Martin rides forth in his splendour and pride,  
 And broad are his lands upon Kinderhook side,  
 The roof of a palace is over his head,  
 And his table with plate and with dainties is spread;  
 But a "log cabin" shelters a patriot true—  
 'Tis the home of our Hero, bold Tippecanoe!

Our Hero has *never* grown rich on the state;  
 No sneaking Sub-Treasurers bow at his gate;  
 No fat office-holders he keeps in his thrall;  
 But *millions* of *freemen* will rise at his call—  
 Then shout every lover of liberty true:  
 Huzza for the Hero of Tippecanoe!



### THE GREAT ALLEGHANY BALL,

Which rolled so majestically at the memorable Baltimore National Convention, on the 4th of May, 1840.

Alleghany, the frontier county of the state, was numerously represented; her delegation was attired in the hunting dress of her wild and extensive range of uncultivated mountains, and they were preceded by a flag of great length, bearing the inscription "Alleghany," in huge letters; then followed an immense *ball* ten or twelve feet in diameter, rolled onward by these hardy sons of the mountains, under the direction of Captain Shriever. The novelty of the affair, and the neat mode adopted for propelling it, constituted it an object of peculiar interest and attraction. It was pronounced, we learn, even by Mr. Clay, to be the "Lion of the Day."

Upon the ends of the ball, on blue ground, were stars corresponding in number with the states of the Union, and throughout its dimensions red and white stripes were thrown, upon which various inscriptions were made, from among which we took the following—

#### OLD ALLEGHANY.

With heart and soul  
 This ball we roll;

May times improve  
 As on we move.  
 This Democratic ball,  
 Set rolling first by Benton,  
 Is on another track  
 From that it first was sent on.  
 Farewell, dear Van,  
 You're not our man :  
 To guide the ship,  
 We'll try Old Tip.

Ye office holders, fed with pap,  
 Have very saucy grown :  
 We tell ye, sirs, we don't like that,  
 And mean to make it known.  
 With promises we've long been fed,  
 But do not like the treat ;  
 We'd rather have a little bread,  
 And something else to eat.  
 Old Alleghany sent us here.

To bid you all be of good cheer.

TIPPECANOE AND TYLER.

As rolls the ball,  
 Van's reign does fall ;  
 And he may look  
 To Kinderhook ;  
 His former friends  
 To other ends,  
 Take care your toes  
 Ye Loco Fo's ;  
 As ye're in trouble  
 Ye may see double :  
 Having no bell,  
 We roll your knell.

"STOP THAT BALL."

"The gathering ball is rolling still,  
 And still it gathers as it rolls."



They also bore an elegant satin banner, inscribed "*Cumberland, Alleghany county, Maryland.*"—For our country—4th March, 1841—The ladies, to the Whig delegation of Alleghany. Another with the motto—"Buff and blue—Good and true—For Tippecanoe." This patriotic delegation had another banner, exhibiting a view of their own bold mountains, upon which was seen a deer in full speed, surmounted by a well drawn eagle with a scroll in his beak, "Alleghany Delegation," and around in festoons was the motto

"Firm as Alleghany's hills,  
Pure as her mountain rills,  
We come—our motto be,  
HARRISON and LIBERTY."



## THE EXTRA GLOBE

OR

## THE GREAT HARRISON BALL.

The following were the mottos inscribed upon the great CONCORD BALL, which was rolled in the procession on the 4th of July. Some of them are admirable.

### CONCORD.

At Concord Bridge our fathers fought,  
On that blessed ground they bled,  
Their hardy sons cannot be bought,  
Nor by the Tories led.

### LUNDY'S LANE.

Let those who love Sub-Treasury charms,  
Hard work and little pay—  
Closed working-shops and mortgaged farms—  
Uphold Van Buren's sway.

## MALDEN.

Come, Freeman, all, help roll this ball.  
 With 'TIP and TYLER, we'll burst Van's *biler*  
 This ball will go, it cannot halt,  
 Benton can't save himself with *salt*.

## YORKTOWN.

When all my revolutions end,  
 And Van shall quit the race,  
 We'll roll the Hero of North Bend  
 Securely in his place.

## LEXINGTON.

There's news about Tippecanoe,  
 And it rolls like a ball, I remember ;  
 It's sure to keep moving, that's true,  
 For it's destined to roll till November.

## 'TIPPECANOE.

Let every farmer at his plough,  
 At once resolve to send,  
 To carry on our Public Farm,  
 The Farmer of North Bend.

## BRIDGEWATER.

Why need more soldiers, Mister Van ?  
 You've got an hundred thousand now,  
 Just whistle to the office clan,  
 And to the ground the faithful bow.

## MAUMEE.

This ball a cheerful greeting sends  
 To all, where'er it goes,  
 The stars are emblems of its friends,  
 The stripes are for its foes.

## THAMES.

A *revolution* will take place,  
Whenever rolls this sphere,  
The Tories now must quit the race,  
And *Van* shall take the rear.

## ERIE.

Let plundering rogues before me flee,  
They can't resist the cause,  
For Treasury vermin crushed will be,  
In spite of *specie-claws*.

## RIVER RAISIN.

John Davis scorns the Locos' plan  
To take the poor man's bread,  
But we, who *know* the honest man,  
Will place him at our head.

## BUNKER HILL.

Should brave old soldiers be forgot,  
Or patriots fail to twine,  
A glorious wreath for those who fought  
In days of auld lang syne ?

## FORT MEIGS.

O'er every ridge we roll this ball,  
From Concord Bridge to Faneuil Hall.  
Farewell, poor Van, you're not our man ;  
To guide the ship, we'll try Old Tip.

## TRENTON.

Let salt and bitter tears bedew  
Each Locofoco eye,  
When autumn's falling leaves proclaim  
Van Buren he must die.

## CHIPPEWA.

Benton & Co., like quacks with pills,  
 Are cunning, so 'tis told,  
 They issue forth their paper bills,  
 But pocket all the gold.

## BENNINGTON.

It would require, we think,  
 The patience of old Job,  
 Should Amos Kendall see  
*This*—EXTRA GLOBE.



## THE DEFAULTERS' DINNER.

We know that our readers must be looking with intense anxiety for the proceedings of the grand dinner, given by the defaulters in honour of Amos Kendall. We regret that our report is somewhat meager, but such as it is we hasten to lay it before the public. The preparations were all made as has been previously announced, and nothing was wanting to the hilarity of the occasion except the presence of the distinguished guests who had been invited, but who were prevented from attending on account of the pressure of official duties, and the critical condition of the great "democratic party."!!!

The absence of Mr. Kendall was, however, in some measure compensated for, by a stuffed effigy of his handsome form, which was placed near the centre of the table. Mr. Kendall was represented as nearly as possible in the situation in which he was supposed to be at the time when he and his children were put in mortal fear by the shouts of a "federal" mob, which was marching upon his house with deadly intentions, for a particular description of which see his address to the people of the United

States. An Extra Globe was placed in the hands of the effigy, and the whole was pronounced as natural as life. Some even went so far as to say that the presence of the effigy was much better than would have been that of the original.

Immediately after the cloth was removed, the President called upon the company to attend to the reading of select passages from Amos Kendall's farewell address. This occupied about five minutes, after which the correspondence between Mr. Woodbury and the defaulters was introduced, and a few of the most striking specimens read. The song already published, commencing "Farewell, Amos," was then sung by the whole company standing, (except the effigy,) and we are happy to say that in accordance with the directions, every man showed a proper degree of emotion at the close of the second verse.

The company, we are happy to state, conducted themselves throughout, with the greatest decorum. One or two of the invited guests were observed to pocket sundry silver forks and spoons, but the president, who saw it, immediately called the attention of Mr. Harrington to the fact; and that gentleman, with admirable tact and delicacy, picked their pockets of the purloined articles, and restored them without making any accusation, which would have doubtless been resented with very proper and natural indignation.

After the cloth had been removed, the president proceeded to read letters from several distinguished gentlemen, who were prevented from a participation in the festivities of the occasion. We regret that our reporter could not obtain all of these interesting epistles. The following are amongst them, but as the signatures are torn off, we cannot, of course, say from whom they proceeded :



*" White House.*

JUBAL HARRINGTON, Esq.,—Dear sir—Your polite invitation to attend the defaulters' dinner, was duly received, and I regret exceedingly that it will be out of my power to attend, owing to the pressure of public business, and to the necessity of keeping a sharp eye upon the "old granny" of North Bend. For the same reasons, I do not see how any of the Cabinet can leave. Amos I could not think of sparing for a moment; Poinsett is busy in organizing the plan of a standing army of 200,000 men—a very useful thing it will prove too, in the elections. Paulding, I suppose you would not want, and only invited him out of compliment; Forsyth is too lazy to go anywhere; and Woodbury, although I have the highest opinion of his distinguished abilities, I don't think has wit enough to find his way, alone. The political aspect is not so encouraging as I could wish, and our sufferings *is* very great, although they *is* not absolutely intolerable. I beg to annex the following toast.

*The Sub-treasury*—The only true way of keeping the public money, is to put it into the hands of men who can appreciate its value."

*" Treasury Buildings.*

I have received your very kind invitation, but as neither Amos nor any of the members of the cabinet, parlour or kitchen, is going, I should not like to venture alone, so far from home. I must therefore beg you to make my excuses to the distinguished and patriotic gentlemen, from whose festivities I am so unfortunately debarred. Allow me, before closing, to suggest that a partial examination of the accounts leads me to the opinion that some of you are slightly indebted to the government. I shall be happy to

receive the amount whenever it can be paid without inconvenience to yourselves or injury to the party. In the present state of the Treasury, a remittance of Texas money would be exceedingly acceptable. Hoping sincerely that you will not be offended at the liberty I have taken, I beg to subscribe myself  
Yours, &c."

"*Extra Globe Office.*

JUBAL HARRINGTON, Esq.

Dear Sir:—Your very polite letter has been received, and it afforded me the very highest gratification to receive such a testimonial of remembrance from one who has done so much to advance the pure doctrines of democracy, which is the same thing as morality, and who has exhibited in his own life so illustrious an example of the practical effect of those principles. But having entered upon the duties of extra editor to the Extra Globe, it is quite out of the question for me to leave at present. My children have not been frightened since the publication of my address, but *I* have been, most d— (here the manuscript is rather blind.) Any subscribers that you can procure for the Extra Globe will be received with much gratitude, but the money must come first. Between you and me, Jubal, we Locos know each other too well to trust one another with a dollar. Allow me to propose to the company the subjoined sentiment:

*The connection between Democracy and Morality, as enforced in the Extra Globe, and illustrated by the government defaulters."*

These letters having been read, and the toasts having been drunk with great applause, Mr. Harrington was called upon for a sentiment.

That gentleman immediately arose, and said sub-

stantially as follows: Throughout his long political life he had always been obedient to the call of the people, and as he had been called upon for a sentiment, although quite unprepared, he should not refuse. As he intended to propose the health of the illustrious patriot at the head of the Loco-foco party, he hoped to be indulged in one or two prefatory remarks. His own position was one of peculiar delicacy; he had been nominated himself by the defaulters, representing the Texian branch of the great Democratic party, to the second office in the nation; and the Baltimore Convention had virtually sanctioned that nomination, by not making any other. Still the importance of the occasion was such as to overcome all his scruples of delicacy, great as they were. The first claim of Van Buren to the office to which he has been nominated, first by ourselves, and second by the Baltimore Convention, is his revolutionary services.—Yes, Mr. President, in the “time that tried men’s souls,” Martin Van Buren was found at the side of Washington and Greene, fighting the battles of his country; not like Harrison, putting on a flannel petticoat and running away from the enemy, but rushing into the very thickest of the fight, taking off the heads of the British as though they were nothing but cabbages. Here Mr. Harrington was interrupted by some one who said, “you are mistaken, Sir; Van Buren was not in the revolutionary army.”—Who says that? exclaimed the excited orator, in a tone of deep indignation. Who dares to say that Martin Van Buren was not in the revolutionary army? What traitor is here? What Whig? What federalist? I appeal to the Globe, to the Extra Globe, to the Albany Argus, to the New Era, to the Richmond Enquirer, if Martin Van Buren did not more towards the Revolution,

than the whole army beside. I appeal to the chair.

The Chair was exceedingly sorry to differ from Mr. Harrington, but as Mr. Van Buren was not born at the time of the Revolution, he could hardly have taken any part in that struggle.

Very true, said Mr. H., very true ; and then, how, I ask, could a man be expected to take any part in the Revolution when he was not born at the time ? How, I ask, can a man fight before he is born ? ' Is he to blame for that ? Had he been old enough at the time, he would undoubtedly have been engaged in it, *on one side or the other*, and as the Whig side was decidedly the most popular, it is fair to presume that he would have espoused it. I repeat then, he is entitled to all the credit of a revolutionary patriot. And here, sir, I shall conclude, confident that I have established the claims of Van Buren, beyond all controversy. I will then propose for your bumpers,

MARTIN VAN BUREN, as fit for President now, as he ever was.

This was received with loud cheering, and a song was called for, when the following was given, with great effect, the whole company joining in the chorus.

### THE DEFAULTERS' GATHERING.

AIR—" *March, march.* "

March ! march ! clerks and collectors,

Why the de'il dinna ye march forward in order !

March ! march ! guagers, inspectors,

All the defaulters are over the border.

Many a mother's son

Like you, away has run,

And now lives in Texas contented and hearty ;



So, mount and make ready then,  
 All ye Sub-Treasury men,  
 Run for yourselves, while ye fight for your party.  
 Come from the Post-office, come from the broken  
 banks,  
 Come from the Land-office, come from the Custom-house,  
 Bring all your strength here, to fill up our swelling  
 ranks,  
 Come bold as a lion, come still as a mouse.  
 Take all the gold you can,  
 Every Sub-Treasury man,  
 Pocket the spoils, and march forward in order ;  
 Texas shall many a day,  
 Tell of the mighty fray,  
 When the defaulters came over the border.

The President was then called upon from all parts of the table for a toast. He rose and said he should propose the health of a gentleman always esteemed by the Democratic party, but who had lately endeared himself still more closely, by uttering one of the most abominable slanders that was ever perpetrated. He need not say that he alluded to the distinguished Senator from Tennessee, who had lately fabricated that very extraordinary and meritorious falsehood about General Harrison's not being allowed to take his own letters from the Post-office. He did not mean to claim the mere fact of *lying* as any peculiar merit : that, he was aware, was shared by most of the prominent men of the party. He himself had, he trusted, done his part ; every gentleman present, he doubted not, had done his share in lying, for the good of the party.

It was by deception only that the party had been raised to its present flourishing condition. If the



test of services was to be merely the number and atrocity of falsehoods fabricated, his illustrious friends, the editors of the *Globe* proper and the *Globe* extra, would stand unrivalled. But in nearly all these cases there was some slight foundation, not enough, to be sure, to support the mighty fabric of calumny generally reared upon it, but still *something*. Not so in the case of Mr. Grundy. With an originality of conception, equalled only by the boldness of its execution, he stepped at once out of the beaten track, and with no guide but his own imagination, he had promulgated one of the foulest slanders ever poured upon a good man's head. He had invented a falsehood as groundless as though he had said that General Harrison was a negro, or that General Harrison was an Englishman, and had never stepped out of the limits of London. The "Democratic" press throughout the union deserves great credit for the avidity with which they copied this calumny and enlarged upon it, but to Mr. Grundy alone belongs the merit of the invention.

A man who has done this deserves something of his party; a man who, for the good of his party, tramples upon that which honest men hold dearer than life—when he voluntarily holds himself up to the scorn and detestation of all honourable men—when he writes LIAR upon his forehead, and goes forth in the sight of his fellow-men, conscious that every one can read the damning character, indelibly imprinted upon his front—that man deserves all that "the Democratic party" can give him. I offer, gentlemen, as a sentiment,

THE HON. FELIX GRUNDY, the distinguished slanderer, the unrivalled calumniator.

The toast was drunk with all the honours, and another song being vociferously called for, the fol-

lowing was sung with immense effect, all joining in the chorus as before.

### THE OFFICE-HOLDERS' LAMENT.

AIR—"The last link is broken."

The last link is broken  
That bound me to thee;  
And that great Whig Convention  
Has rendered me free.

The Globe's lies, misleading,  
May others deceive;  
All its promise unheeding,  
I take my sad leave.

You may think me in haste,  
But I pray you remember  
You'll all gladly follow  
The last of November,

I have not loved lightly,  
I'll vote for you yet;  
I'll read the Globe nightly,  
Till Van's sun is set.

Our reporter was enabled to obtain but a few of the toasts. Such as came to hand, we subjoin.

*The Republican Army of Bloodhounds in Florida.*—To such allies the administration looks, with confidence, for support in all its measures.

*The true Principles of Modern Patent Democracy.*—A penny a day, and seven shillings for an ox; but no diminution of the salaries of the office-holders.

*The Boston BRASS Band Custom-house Lecturers.*—Faithful "hirelings" of the President. They earn their wages by their unscrupulous devotion to their master.

in

In good old

When we

Three roguish chaps

For Old Tip's ten

The first, his name was M.

The second, his name was

The third, his name was F. P. B.

Three chaps for roguery famous.

gentleman,  
me.

hung about  
tapestry,  
right and paintings rare  
wonderful to see ;